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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894. NUMBER 16.

Poetry.

A SOUTHERN GIRL'S RESOLVE.

If I had been a Yankee girl,
I might have been a teacher,
A learned doctor of the law,
Or, better still, a preacher;
I might have studied out the stars,
Each solar world and comet,
Known every system of belief
From Vishnu to Mahomet.
To distant lands I now might roam,
Lect'ring at every station;
With pockets full of pelf come home
To help each poor relation.
But as I am full Southern born
I can but tell the story
Of what my family have been,
And dwell on faded glory.
My education fitted me
For making a fine match;
But men like rich or useful girls—
I find them hard to catch.
Ah! what is left for me to do?
Blue blood won't fill the purse;
I'm sure I don't know how to work,
Dependence is still worse.
I'll c'en take things in my own hand,
Lay down this pride of birth;
When one has reached the starving point
Pray tell me what 'tis worth.
Some honest calling I will find
To earn my living by;
I'll use my brains and muscles too—
On Heaven and self rely.
My ancestors I'll not forget;
Their noble lives shall teach
Their daughter, tho' her lot be hard,
Toward lofty aims to reach.
—Orra Langhorne.

ASPIRATIONS.

I'd like to be the slipper on her foot,
My grace revealing.
I'd like to be the wrap she wears at night
Around her stealing.

I'd like to be the belt around her waist,
Oh, joy! oh, rapture!
I'd like to be her dainty veil, and then
A kiss I'd capture.

I'd like to be the monstrous pair of sleeves
Upon her shoulder.
And then in wealth voluminous of love
I would enfold her.

But I'd not be the bonnet on her head,
Although I love her.
For if my love should place me there I'd feel
So much above her!
—Vogue.

SPRING FEVER.

Spring fever—ain't no cure for it;
I have it once a year;
It takes me in the city,
And makes me drowsy here.

And I nod,
And I nod,
Like a Georgia fishin' rod,
When it feels the trout a-pullin'
'Fore you land him on the sod!

Spring fever—don't know how it comes,
And no one ever knew;
And all I know is when it's here,
It creeps all over you!

And you dream,
And you dream,
That you're floatin' down a stream;
Floatin', floatin' like a feather
Where the water lilies gleam!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Miscellany.

A RADICAL OF THE RADICALS.

Character Sketch of the Most Original Man in English Public Life.

Henry Labouchere is so original as to seem eccentric. Rich, well-educated, brought up in the strictest school of English conservatism, his place to-day would have been prominent in the ranks of the Tories were it not that he was born a skeptic, with a strong tendency to doubt the merit of things and institutions that have only their antiquity to commend them, and prominent among these institutions is that fetish of middle-class Englishmen, the house of lords.

Mr. Labouchere is a Radical in politics and a skeptic in religion, and so the church has long regarded him as a pariah and the hereditary rulers as a covert anarchist of the most dangerous type.

Although representing Northampton in the English parliament, Mr. Labouchere lives on the Thames above London, his residence being Twickenham, the villa built by Pope, and which, till the coming of its present tenant had enhanced its fame, was regarded as a historic and poetic shrine.

Mr. Labouchere is a college-bred men, master of the leading European languages, a brilliant speaker and one of the most pungent and pithy writers connected with the English press. Under 60, of medium height and rugged build, there is nothing in his handsome, full-bearded face, well-rounded voice and laughing grey eyes, to suggest his combative disposition.

Through the columns of Truth he expresses himself with a freedom that would be impossible in our Southern states, and which would be regarded as dangerous in the North. He is a natural-born ironoclast, and he takes an actual pleasure in knowing that he is regarded by his opponents, and sometimes by his friends, as a Mephistopheles.

While he is a Radical of the radicals, he refuses to be controlled in his efforts by the hampering restrictions of party pledges, or the commands of party leaders. This has recently been shown by his motion to amend the queen's speech, which was unexpectedly carried, and which, according to English parliamentary precedent, defeated his own party.

While Mr. Labouchere persistently denounces the lords as a public curse, he has many warm friends among the hereditary rulers; and while his democracy is undoubted, he keeps his associates in constant terror that he will kick over the traces, and ruin all their well laid schemes.

A cynic in his writings, he is entirely genial and kindly hearted in his manners. His wit is something to be feared. Yet he has the tact and the taste to refrain from anything that savors of coarseness, or might be contrued to be offensively personal.

There are greater statesmen and journalists than Mr. Labouchere, but no man who is at once so versatile and original.

A Late Arrival.

Briggs—I went 'way over to Brooklyn last night to see a girl, and when I got there found she had gone to bed.

Griggs—Gone to bed! How did that happen?

Briggs—I was delayed twenty minutes by a block on the bridge, and didn't get there until just after 9 o'clock.—Truth.

He Was Caught.

"Do you approve of consolidation, Mabel?" said the blase New York youth, as he sat on the sofa beside the blushing but "fly" Brooklyn maiden.

"Well, that's a very odd way of putting it, Mr. Overthebridge," lisped the coy damsel; "but you may ask papa."—Brooklyn Eagle.

One Would Think So.

Mrs. Snaggs (reading)—Mrs. Martha Strickland, a Chicago attorney, has been lecturing to the women of that town on "How to think on one's feet."

Mr. Snaggs—I should suppose that Chicago women would rather learn how to avoid such a painfully large subject of thought.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

An Amendment.

The Patent Medicine Man—We'll have to make a slight change in the form of our advertisement.

His Partner—Have you discovered something new for which our specific is an infallible cure?

The Patent Medicine Man—I have. Just add to the advertisement: "An invaluable tonic for indisposed chamelions."—Puck.

A Catastrophe Avoided.

Wandering Tank (weakly)—I wuz pretty sick last night, wuzn't I, Ragsey?

Ragsey—Yes. You wuz out o' yer head an' kep' a talkin' crazy like.

Wandering Tank—Wot wuz I a-sayin'?

Ragsey—You wuz yellin' "Water, water, water!" like dat, all night long.

Wandering Tank (agitatedly)—Great sna-a-a-kes, Ragsey! Yer didn't gimme any, did yer?—Judge.

Nothing to Talk About.

Bingo—Do you do much talking at the woman's guild you've joined?

Mrs. Bingo (sadly)—No. All the women in the neighborhood belong to it.—Judge.

AS IF LIFE DEPENDED UPON IT.

Excitement of a Woman Who Patronizes Center Avenue Cars.

The Center avenue car that goes to "Twenty-first street only" was waiting until another car should appear over the viaduct ere it started down town again, says the Chicago Tribune. A woman wearing a small black straw bonnet and carrying a large cotton umbrella approached, and brandishing the sunshade in the conductor's face asked fiercely:

"Does this car go down as far as State street?"

He replied in the affirmative. She took a seat just behind the driver and sat for a few moments in silence.

"Why don't you go on?" she asked finally, punching the Jehu vigorously in the back with the umbrella.

"Can't do it," he replied stolidly.

"Why?" she demanded excitedly. "I'm in a hurry. It's almost 4 o'clock now. I've got to be back by 5:30. Hurry up."

"Can't!"

"Why can't you?"

No answer. The woman grew red with anger, and turning to the conductor she shouted: "I'll have you both reported!" and the umbrella was waved in a threatening manner.

"Go slow, go slow, old lady," he rejoined. "It's early yet. You'll get down in time."

Several minutes elapsed and she raved around the while like a veritable mad woman, weeping copiously over the delay. At 4:10 the car started. At Nineteenth street it met the south-bound car. Both stopped and, to the surprise of those who had been

"DOES THIS CAR GO AS FAR AS STATE STREET?"

interested witnesses of the scene, the woman balanced herself on the stout umbrella handle and climbed dexterously into the other car.

The conductor of No. —— smiled. "We are all on to her tricks," he explained. "She does that at least a dozen times a day. You would think her life depended upon getting downtown in a certain time. The first car we meet, back she goes. A little off, I guess, so we humor her. She makes fun and doesn't do anybody any harm. I could preach a sermon with that woman for my text. Shows to perfection how crazy we are to get a thing, and then when we've got it, and fairly on the road to success, we fly off the track, and turn right square around and do something else. Then we wish we'd stuck to the first enterprise. I'll bet, if you'd go back there in half an hour from now you'd find her working the same games."

Prompted by curiosity one of the passengers returned to Twenty-first street. The conductor was right. There she was.

"The Vagabonds."

During the times when there is so much ice and slush on the streets and public places the poundmaster's wagons are unable to cover much territory, and the consequence is that the dogs are enjoying a half holiday. Last week less than fifty canines were captured. During one trip of the wagon the poundmaster met a tramp who had two dogs following him, and when the colored man started toward the dogs the one-legged tramp inquired:

"What are you going to do?"

"Take the dogs, of course," was what he was told.

"Oh, heaven," said the man, "don't take my dogs, they are my only companions."

"Where did you get them?" he was asked.

"I picked them up on the road," said the tramp, "and they have been following me all over the country."

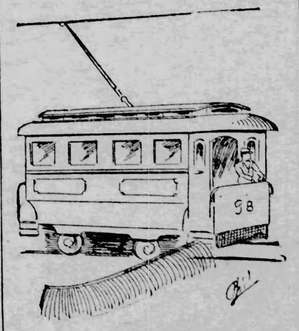
"What are you going to do with them?"

"Take them along with me when I leave this afternoon."

Poundmaster Einstein decided not to rob the man of his companions and permitted the trio to move along unmolested.—Washington Evening Star.

A Trolley Street Sprinkler.

In Louisville, Ky., the trolley is used for street sprinkling purposes. A water tank is built in a street car, as shown below from the Engineering Magazine.



The cars are similar in appearance to ordinary passenger cars. Double-enders, for roads having no turntables, have an equipment of sprinkling pipes at each end. There are two pipes in each equipment, one to sprinkle the track and another to swing out from sides of platforms where it has a swivel joint connection with a pipe from a tank and sprinkles between track and curb. The amount of water thrown by this pipe is regulated by a sliding cut-off within the pipe. The pipeman by a crank lever readily swings this pipe to any desired position, enabling him to pass wagons or obstructions readily. Hydrants are located between the tracks at regular intervals, and it is said that the car can be stopped, filled and started again in two minutes.

A Society Horse.

Watts—I tell you, old man, I saw the most remarkable exhibition of animal intelligence to-day that could be imagined.

Potts—What was it?

Watts—A bridal party started from the house across the street from where I live, and one of the horses attached to the carriage threw a shoe. Now, what do you think of that?—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Not Only Firm, but Muscular.

"No," she repeated, "I cannot love you." He paused irresolute.

"Are you firm?" he faltered. She smiled. "Sir," she rejoined, "I have no desire to boast, but since you have dragged the subject in here, I am free to say that I haven't worn out three sets of Indian clubs for nothing."—Detroit Journal.

Diplomacy.

Rurs! Ragges—Say! Dat English woman down at dat farm in der hollow sent me away wid a canine escort. How did you pull her on for a square meal?

Tramping Tatters—Told her I lost all me stuff on Mitchell in der fight, of course, you jay! You'd better go back ter work!—Puck.

Not Always.

"Money spent in theatre tickets is just so much thrown away."

"That depends on the size of the hat on the lady in front of you."—Truth.

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

A Literary Discovery—The Secret Now Out.

A literary event of the first magnitude is about to take place, says the St. James Gazette. Lord Beaconsfield said that there were only two really burning questions: "Who wrote the Letters of Junius?" and "Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?" The former of the two has at length been satisfactorily cleared up, and the proofs, based on recently discovered documents, will be published in a volume to be issued shortly by a great old firm, whose name will be a guaranty of the genuineness of the discovery.

The public will, of course, guess that this hes been made through the mass of manuscripts of Sir Philip Francis, which came into the market some months back. In fact, it is said, the new matter discovered leaves no doubt whatever that Francis was the author of the famous letters. A grandson of Sir Philip is said to be still alive and to have been a judge in Australia. The little clique of literary Australians assert that he is in some way connected with the book, and are very jubilant at the prospect of Australia once more coming as prominently before English readers as she did a few years since.

The first of the letters of Junius appeared more than a century ago, on January 21, 1769. They were published at intervals from 1769 to 1772, when they were collected by Woodfall and revised by their author, whose name not even the publisher ever knew. They were attributed to Sir Philip Francis, Warren Hastings's most bitter enemy; to Lord George Germaine (Sackville), who was dismissed from the army for cowardice at Mindon, and, as minister, was responsible for the repressive measures against the American colonists; to Lord Temple, to the great Burke himself, and at least six or seven others.

There are probably few of our readers who are not acquainted with Macaulay's summing up to prove that Sir Philip Francis was Junius: "The external evidence is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal, proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits and connections of Junius, there are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever." In dedicating his collected letters to the English people, the writer said: "I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me."

John Wilkes, writing to Junius in 1771, called it "the most important secret of our times." And so it has remained for a century and a quarter, despite all investigation. But is is soon to be a secret no longer.

MISS ALICE IS ANGRY WITH HIM.

Tale of Some Grand Opera Tickets That Never Were Bought.

He looked rather lugubrious and his chum hailed him to know what it was about, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Well, ah, that is, it's about Miss Alice."

"Turned you down, has she? Well, I know an awfully nice girl that I'll introduce you to. I call on her sister rather often, and you could keep her in the back parlor, while——"

"Thanks, awfully; but you're wrong, as usual. You see, it's this way: Miss Alice

"TURNED YOU DOWN."

is devoted to the opera, and for weeks she's been talking about 'dear Eames' and 'lovely Melba' and 'that adorable De Reszke.' I knew, of course, what she meant, but I was dead broke and meant to keep out of her way until she'd made her father take it.

"'Go it, my boy; I'll always think you've something in your head after this.'

"But I happened to meet him on the street the other day as I was on my way to strike you for a loan. I was going to slip past, but she caught me; said she was just on her way to get tickets to the opera, and wouldn't I go with her to select the seats, she had so much faith in my judgment."

"After that, if I know you, you went."

"I did. When our turn came I selected the seats, then I went through the motion of putting my hand in my pocket for the money, though I knew there was none there. She never said a word, the ticket-seller grinned, and the man back of me growled. A cold perspiration broke out all over me and I stammered:

"'Really, Miss Alice, I'm awfully sorry, but I must have left my pocket book at the office and I haven't a cent with me.' You ought to have seen the look she gave me.'

"Well, it was tough, but she understood."

"So she did, but it was a great deal worse than you think, for she was trying to bluff me, too—she hadn't a cent, either. Oh! she'll never forgive me as long as she lives."

And in the presence of grief like this consolation seemed indeed a hollow mockery.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

When a man is weary telling
Of the great deeds he has done,
Then he finds a theme exciting
In the smartness of his son.
—N. Y. Herald.

Jillson says he has noticed that some men are a great deal like rivers. When their heads are swelled you realize it from their mouths.—Buffalo Courier.

First Messenger Boy (with scorn)—I say, what makes you run your legs off like dat?

Second Messenger Boy (pausing in his rapid sprint)—I ain't workin', see? Dis is my day off.—Chicago Record.

We always watch a man who groans a great deal about the sins of others.—Atchison Globe.

"He has no more influence," said a Hartford wit, "he has no more influence than 'p' in 'pneumonia.'"—Hartford Courant.

Teacher—What is a right angle?

Boy—Two straight lines around a corner.—Hallo.

You seldom get cold facts in a heated argument.—Elmira Gazette.

Irate German (to stranger who has stepped on his toe)—Mine frent, I know mine foot vas meant to be valked on, but dot brivilege belongs to me.—Tid-Bits.

"And so, Mrs. De Gollyer, your poor boy was killed by savages."

"Ah, yes."

"South Africa?"

"No—college."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Sheenstein—Oh, you vas awfully sick, Isaac.

Sheenstein—Yes, Repecca, but dere is von goot tings about it—I am getting the vort of my money out of the doctor.—Life.

His Only Chance.

Xantippe—I declare, how cheerful my husband looks to-day.

Friend—No wonder, sister; you know to-day is election, and the poor man is naturally delighted to have his say about something.—Texas Siftings.

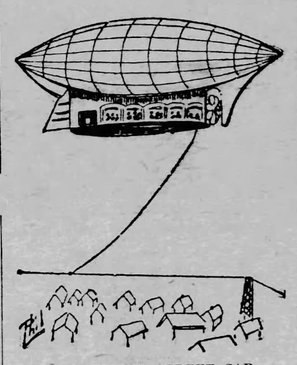
Advice From Texas.

One should confine himself to the dictionary even when he is declaiming to a stubborn mule.—Galveston News.

A FLYING STREET CAR

Will be in Operation at the Antwerp Exposition.

A flying street car is the latest novelty which an ingenious Belgian has devised for the convenience and amusement of visitors to the Antwerp exposition. He does not call it a flying street car, but "grand ballon dirigeable" is the Belgian way of putting it. In appearance the flying street car resembles the famous Pennington air ship or a miniature whaleback upside down. The floating ap-



THE FLYING STREET CAR.

paratus is a huge, cigar-shaped bag, to which is attached the street car itself. In the front or prow of the car is an immense fan or propeller, and at the other end an apparatus like a barn door in three sections, which provides a rudder. The car is divided into three sections, one for the motor man, another for the passengers, and a third, which corresponds about in size to the baggage apartment on a suburban car, is for the use of the conductor. The much abused trolley system has been turned to good account in connection with this flying street car, as from the overhead wire the electricity is obtained with which to work the motor. Connecting the car with this overhead wire is a traveling cable, one end of which connects with the motor, the other being attached to a trolley which slides along the wire as the car moves. In the rear compartment of the car, where the conductor has his quarters, is all the paraphernalia for lowering the machine. A stout ship's anchor attached by a wire cable to a windlass, which in turn is connected with the electric motor, provides the means for hauling down the flying car when a station is reached where passengers are to alight.

The first practical demonstration of this aerial means of rapid transit will be made during the Antwerp exposition. One model machine is already pretty well advanced toward completion, the termini of the route being the exposition grounds and the bourse at Antwerp, which are about a mile apart. During the exposition trips will be made every half hour by this novel means of locomotion, and the success of the experiment may probably revolutionize street car traffic. One great drawback to its popularity, however, is that the trip of a mile will cost five francs, or one dollar.

Human Resemblance to Animals.

There is a very curious point connected with the more pronounced animal faces—namely, those in charge of animals grow to be like them. Thus, a hostler in charge of tramway horses has himself a fine Roman-nosed horse type of head, growing day by day more like his horses. Men in charge of cattle on the farm become essentially bovine, and in Shropshire it has often been remarked that the sheep breeders resemble their own rams. I cannot explain these singularities, which, however, are wholly or partly true. The sheep type of man is not indicative of great intelligence and it is usually found in remote agricultural districts. The bulldog characters in man denote courage without refinement, but in the case of a lady—like her favorite pug dog—with nez retrousse, the refinement was not wanting. The Eskimos or Lapps in the water are so like seals that a man has been shot in error, the wistful expression of countenance being common in both, as the head only appears at the surface of the water. I have seen a comfortable-looking bear man in the train and a wizened, bat-faced old woman once in Brittany.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A SILLY WET.

A Great Work.

"You seem busier than usual," remarked one of the young members of the bar to the other.

"Yes; I am engaged in literary work."

"You haven't given up law, have you?"

"No, indeed; I am compiling a vocabulary for lawyers. It will contain opprobrious epithets classified, so as to show upon what occasions each may with propriety be applied to opposing counsel."—Washington Star.

What They Do at Home.

"Your Congressman came home, did he?"

"Yes, he's with us."

"What's he doing?"

"Sorter visitin' aroun' an' gittin' sober."—Atlanta Constitution.

An Old Prediction Recalled.

Those gentlemen who confidently stated last November that the Republican party was dead wear a peculiar expression as they con the returns from Pennsylvania.—Detroit Tribune.

The Novelist's Son.

"This is my youngest son, Mr. Cynicus," said the novelist. "They say he is very like me."

"Does he go to school?"

"Yes. He can read quite well, but as yet he can't write."

"He is very much like you," said Mr. Cynicus.

An Old Acquaintance.

Trotter—Say, old man, do you know that pretty girl over yonder?

Barlow—Know her? I should say I did. I've proposed to her three times already.—Judge.

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THE LONE INN

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB," "MADAME MIDAS," "THE FEVER OF LIFE," "THE RED STAR," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

When I told Dr. Merrick of my good fortune in finding Rose Strent, or to use her stage name, Rose Gernon, he was considerably astonished. The case had taken hold of him so completely that he could think of nothing else. He had a large practice, and attended fairly well to his patients, but informed me that he did so in a mechanical fashion, more or less, as his brain was busy with the Fen Inn mystery. We were now wonderfully familiar, considering the short period of our acquaintance, but this was doubtless due to the interest we both took in the case.

"Upon my word, Denham," said Merrick, rubbing his head irritably, "I wish you had not come near me with your hallucinations. Instead of attending to my business, I think of nothing but your mysteries. The sooner we unravel this riddle the better will it be for me. You are an idle bachelor, so it does not matter much to you, but I am a busy medical man, and this infernal business worries me greatly. At this moment I ought to be attending to a patient, instead of which I am wasting my time with you."

"Shall I go away?"

"No, confound you! I wish to see the end of this affair, or I'll get no peace of mind. It is too late to remedy the matter, so I must have my curiosity allayed by learning all the ins and outs of this enigma. Come, let us begin. You have found Rose Strent?"

"Yes. She is a burlesque actress, and plays at the Frivolity theater. Her name in the programme is set down as Rose Gernon, but this is doubtless her stage name. Rose Strent is her real one."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Merrick, sharply. "If she went into that Fen Inn business with her eyes open, she doubtless took a false name, so as to baffle inquiry."

"Then what about the landlord, who called himself Edward Strent?"

"Oh, we must find out all about him, also. No doubt his name is false also. Did he look like her father?"

"Well, I can't say that there was much likeness between them. He looked to me like a valet."

"A valet," muttered Merrick, reflectively. "Queer! I wonder if he really was a valet—valet to Felix."

"In that case he'll be with him now."

"It is not impossible! He has Felix in his power, and can stay on just as he likes. It's my opinion he'll stay till he's pensioned off. Case of blackmail, I fancy."

"I think Rose Gernon is blackmailing Felix also."

"Quite so. What else can he expect? Or else," added Merrick, looking straight at me, "it's a case of love and marriage."

"What! Do you think Felix promised to marry Rose if she helped him to get rid of his brother?"

"I think he might lead her to believe he would do so."

"This is absurd, Merrick," said I, sharply. "Felix is in love with Olivia. The motive of the crime was to gain possession of Olivia's hand. Rose would not help Felix if she knew that."

"Precisely! If she knew it. But it's my opinion that she does not know it. I believe Felix gulled her into belief that he would marry her if she gave her assistance, but he has not the slightest intention of keeping his promise."

"And what excuse could he make for wishing to murder his brother?"

"Ah, there you have me! I don't know that. Of course, you and I are aware of the real motive of the crime, but Rose is ignorant of it. She thinks she knows, no doubt, but I'm certain she has been put off with a lie."

"But he can't keep the information from her forever. Even if he keeps quiet, some one is bound to tell her that Felix is engaged to Miss Bellin."

"There you are wrong," said Merrick, with grim jocularity. "Everyone thinks Francis is engaged to Miss Bellin."

"Yes; but Rose Gernon knows well enough that Francis is dead, and that the engaged man must be Felix posing as Francis."

"There's some truth in that," admitted the doctor, looking puzzled. "I suppse he must have kept that fact from her so far, as I don't see what possible explanation he could give her."

"Always assuming she is in love with him," said I, musingly.

"Oh, as to that, I am certain it is so. A woman like Rose Gernon drawing a good salary would not mix herself up in such a dangerous business merely for money. There is a stronger motive, and that is love. I'll lay anything," continued Merrick, in sporting phrase, "I'll lay anything that she is madly in love with the fellow."

"Well, and Olivia, thinking Felix is Francis, loves him madly also. If these two women came together there will be trouble for Felix."

"Eureka!" cried the doctor, jumping up excitedly, "the very thing. When thieves fall out—you know the adage. Let us bring the two women together, and see the upshot."

"There will simply be a row," said I, "what is the use of that?"

"This!" retorted Merrick, sharply, "that when Rose finds she has been betrayed she will reveal all the mystery out of revenge and assure Olivia that Felix is not Francis."

"That's not a bad idea, Merrick! Also it might occur that Olivia reveals something in her turn."

"Impossible! She can't possibly know the man's villainy else she would not think of marrying him."

"I suppose not and yet," I added, reflectively, "I wouldn't be surprised if she were cognizant of Felix's movements on the 10th and 11th. She certainly stuck up for him in the most amazing manner at the first interview."

"Of course she did, because she believes he is Francis. Depend upon it, Doctor, she knows nothing, and if we bring her and Rose together there will be a revolution and a revelation."

"It's worth trying, at all events. But how can it be managed?"

"By working on the natural jealousy of the sex. Tell Olivia that Felix receives a woman in his rooms every evening."

"Oh, hang it, Merrick," said I, reddening. "I wouldn't be delicate even to a married woman, let alone a girl."

"Of course, I don't mean you to put it to her in that bare-faced manner," said Merrick, hastily, "but handle the matter delicately. Wrap it up in sugar. I leave it to your own judgment. In any case, you must rouse the jealousy of Miss Olivia Bellin, and induce her to come with you to the chambers of Felix when he is interviewing Rose."

"She wouldn't come without her mother."

"Then bring her mother along with you. This is a serious matter, and it doesn't do to be squeamish."

"Then do it yourself," said I, angrily.

"I!" said he, taken aback. "No! I don't know Miss Bellin. You are the proper person. Besides, it's better that she should know the truth, even at the cost of a shock to her delicacy than to be tied to a brute like Felix, as she certainly will be."

"Not if Rose can help it."

"She can't help it if she doesn't know. And the only way to spoil the game of Felix is to bring the two women together, face to face. Their mutual jealousy will do the rest, and instead of going to the altar, Felix Briarfield will find himself bound for the scaffold."

"True enough! Well, I'll try Merrick, but it's a job I don't like."

He laughed at my scruples, and tried to show me that I was really doing Olivia a service in being so plain-spoken, but in spite of all his arguments I departed from his house in low spirits. I did not relish the idea of interviewing Olivia on so delicate a subject, yet I saw it was imperative and therefore made up my mind to carry through the business at whatever cost of personal inconvenience to myself. That is the worst of being an amateur detective. One's feelings are not under sufficient control.

The next day I called at Swansea Square, and sent up my card to Olivia. As it so happened, her mother had gone down to Hurlingham with Felix, and she had remained at home on the plea of a headache. She sent down a message to the effect that she was unwell, and asked me to excuse her, but I scribbled a few lines on my card, asking particularly to see her. This time the servant returned with the information that Miss Bellin would see me for a few minutes, and I was shown into the drawing room. I felt nervous, but determined to go through with the matter, managed to screw up my courage. It was a most unpleasant task, but very necessary if I wanted to attain my object.

When Miss Bellin entered I could not suppress a start, so changed she was in outward appearance. As I said before, she was a tall, well-developed, and very beautiful woman, but now she had grown thin, and her face wore an anxious expression. I could not help thinking that she knew something about the tragedy at the Lone Inn, as I could conjecture no other reason for her ill-health and manifest discomposure. She came forward with a nervous smile, and greeted me in a low voice.

"My mother and Mr. Briarfield have gone to Hurlingham," she said, sitting down on a lounge near which my chair was placed.

"I am not sorry for that," I answered gravely, "as I wish to see you alone."

"What is the matter, Mr. Denham? Have you anything very terrible to tell me?"

"I think it is terrible."

"About Francis?" she demanded anxiously.

"Yes! About Francis!"

"Surely you are not going to begin again about that foolish matter you spoke of at Marshminster."

"No—it is not about that."

Olivia passed her handkerchief across her lips and gave a sigh of relief. The expression of her face was so strange that I was more than ever convinced that she suspected the truth.

"I am glad you have given over that mad idea about Francis being Felix," she said at length. "I cannot conceive what made you take up so strange a belief. Felix is in Paris."

"I know that, Miss Bellin. I saw him there."

This I said in the hope of startling her, but she did not move a muscle of her face. Either she was keeping herself well in hand or was cognizant of the fact that Felix had gone to Paris for the purpose of deceiving me. If so, she must have known that he was not Francis, and also that my story of the Lone Inn tragedy was true. It was on my tongue to ask her if she was aware of the terrible truth, but on reflection I judged it best to let events evolve themselves. Fate could manage these things better than a mere mortal.

"I knew you would see him there," she said coldly, "but I cannot conceive why you should desire to convince yourself that I spoke truly."

"Because, Miss Bellin, I believe that the man who calls himself Francis is really Felix."

"The same old story," she said impatiently. "You are mad. If you saw Felix in Paris you must be convinced that you are making a mistake."

"Well, Miss Bellin, we will waive that point for the present. I will call the man to whom you are engaged Francis."

"As he is," she interpolated petulantly. I let the remark pass, and went on with my speech. "You will no doubt think me highly impertinent, but I wish to warn you against the so-called Francis Briarfield."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Simply this. While at the Fen Inn I was waited on by a woman who called herself Rose Strent. That woman is now in town acting at the Frivolity theater, under the name of Rose Gernon."

"And what have I do with such a creature?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"Nothing, but your lover has everything to do with her."

"Mr. Denham!"

We were both on our feet by this time, and she was looking at me with wrathful eyes. The crisis I so dreaded had come, but it was now too late to retreat, and there was no help for it but to go on.

"Be angry with me if you like, Miss Bellin," I said, as soon as I was able, "but it is in your own interest that I speak."

"My own interest!"

"Yes! This woman Rose Gernon is in love with Francis B——"

"No! No!" she murmured, her face growing white, "you are making a mistake."

"It is true," I said doggedly, "she was with him at his chambers yesterday evening at 8 o'clock. She will be there to-morrow evening at the same time. I learned that fact to-day."

"Did you come here to insult me, sir?" asked Olivia, in a voice tremulous with rage.

"I came here to do you a service, but if you look upon me in the light of an insult I may as well take my leave."

"Stop, sir!" she said, placing herself before me, "you shall not leave the room till I am convinced of the truth of your statement. Why should Francis meet Rose Gernon?"

"Why should Rose Gernon play the part of a waiting maid at the Fen Inn?" I retorted.

"How can I tell?"

"To further the schemes of the man who is to marry you, Miss Bellin. She loves him and he loves her."

"No! I tell you it is impossible. I trust him! I love him. He could not be such a mean villain."

"I can prove to you that what I say is true."

"Do so, and I will believe it. If it is true," she muttered, clenching her fist, "if it is true I shall bitterly punish him for his deception."

"Come with me to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock to Briarfield's rooms in Jermyn street, and I'll engage you shall see them together."

"If I thought so—but no," she said, breaking off impetuously, "I cannot come—how can I—how can I?"

"Ask Mrs. Bellin to come with you," I suggested."

"I cannot do that."

"Why not?"

She looked at me strangely for a moment, then walked to the other end of the room. When she returned her face was flushe dwith anger.

"Why do you come here with these infamous tales, sir," she cried, excitedly. "I do not believe you."

"Put me to the proof. Come to-morrow evening and you shall see for yourself."

"You are the enemy of the man I love."

"I am the bitter enemy of the man who pretends to love you, because I believe he killed his brother."

"Mr. Denham, I could tell—but no! no! I must be silent."

"What do you mean?" asked I eagerly, thinking she was about to reveal her suspicions.

Olivia thought for a few moments, then put her hand suddenly into mine.

"I will be with you at a quarter of eight to-morrow, and if it is true what you say—oh, if it is true!"

"Here is my card," said I, forcing it into her hand. "Wear a veil and come to my rooms in Duke street. I will wait you at the door, and we will go to the chambers of this villain."

"He is no villain."

"I say he is, Miss Bellin, and I'll prove him to be so to-morrow."

"Do it," she said, fixing me with a glance, "and you shall see how bitterly I shall punish his treachery. Now go, Mr. Denham, and meet me to-morrow evening as you have arranged."

I bowed and left the room in silence. As I passed through the door I looked back, and saw she had thrown herself on the couch crying bitterly. The sight perplexed me.

"Does she know anything," I thought, or does she believe Felix is really Francis. Well, when she and Rose Gernon come face to face the truth will be revealed."

The truth was stranger than even I expected.

CHAPTER XI

TRANSFORMATION.

My interview with Olivia passed off better than I had expected. If she had ordered me out of the house I would only have looked on it as the just punishment for what must have appeared my impertinent interference in what did not concern me. The very fact that she listened so quietly proved that she suspected Felix was masquerading as her lover. She could only be assured of this by overhearing his interview with Rose Gernon, and therefore accepted my invitation to go to the Jermyn street rooms. If their tenant was Francis, he would resent the intrusion of Rose, but if Felix the two confederates would doubtless talk of their guilty secret.

Thanks to a sovereign judiciously bestowed on the caretaker, I had discovered that Rose Gernon intended to visit Felix at eight o'clock. How the carekeeper found out, I do not know, but in some mysterious way servants seem to gain all information concerning the doings of their superiors. It sufficed for me that Rose would be in the rooms of Felix on this evening, and that Olivia would catch them in a trap. I had no pity for the guilty pair, but I was genuinely sorry for Olivia. She little knew the torture she was about to undergo. I did, and almost regretted that I had interfered in the matter. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that it was better for her to suffer a few hours pain than life-long misery.

That she agreed to go to Jermyn street at that hour without a chaperon proved how desirous she was of learning the truth. Delicately nurtured, gently bred she must have felt horrified at the risk she was running of losing her good name, but seeing that her life's happiness depended upon knowing all, she flung etiquette to the winds and came. When I found her at the foot of the stairs at 8 o'clock, I admired and respected her from the bottom of my heart.

"Am I late?" she asked, touching my hand with trembling fingers.

"Only five minutes," said I, looking at my watch. "I have been waiting at the head of the stairs for that time. However, we can soon walk round to Jermyn street."

"Do you think any one will know me, Mr. Denham," said Olivia, taking my arm; "see, I have on a plain dress, and this veil is a thick one."

"No one will recognize you," I answered soothingly, "nor do I think you will meet anyone of your acquaintances."

"I should have brought my mother, but that I wished her to know nothing of this treachery. If I find that I have been deceived I shall break off my engagement with Francis. But you will keep silent about my visit, will you not, Mr. Denham?"

"No one shall hear a word from me," I answered earnestly, "but keep up your spirits, Miss Bellin. Even if you find you have been deceived there will be some consolation in knowing that it is Felix and not Francis."

"You are wrong there," she replied positively; "it is Francis. I have told you so all along."

I shrugged my shoulders without reply. Evidently nothing could shake her faith in the man. All I could hope for was that the two confederates would betray themselves.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Denham?" asked Olivia, anxiously.

"We will go up to the rooms of Briarfield, and there overhear their conversation."

"Is that not dishonorable?" she said, shrinking back.

"In most cases it would be," I replied, hastily, "but it does not do to be too particular in this matter. If you break in on them, they may deny everything. Thinking they are alone, you will hear the truth. Remember, Miss Bellin, when one deals with a villain one must beat him with his own weapons. Depend upon it it is most necessary that you should learn all."

"They can speak of nothing I do not know."

"Are you aware of the truth," said I, somewhat startled by this remark.

"I am aware of the truth," she repeated slowly, and before I could question her she flitted up the stairs. There was no time for me to ponder over her words, as it was now past 8 o'clock and Rose Gernon might descend at any time. I therefore spoke a few hasty words to the caretaker, telling him I wished to see Mr. Briarfield, and followed her at once. In two minutes we were both standing before the door of Briarfield's room.

"It is locked," said Olivia, faintly.

"Never mind," answered I, producing my latch key, "this key of mine opens the door. I was as you are aware a great friend of Francis and learned that my key fitted the lock of his rooms some time ago. I have not forgotten the circumstances, so it comes in useful now. See!"

I turned the key and the door opened noiselessly. Motioning to Miss Bellin to precede me, I followed her quietly and closed the door behind us. We heard the murmur of voices in the sitting room. She as well as I knew its whereabouts thoroughly. The door door was slightly ajar and in front of it stretched a tall screen with fretwork at the top. Stepping through the open door in a gingerly manner, we placed ourselves directly behind the screen, so could both see and hear without danger of being observed. Thus far our enterprise had succeeded in the most successful manner, and nothing remained for us to do but to listen to the important conversation now taking place.

Felix standing with his back against the mantelpiece, looked anxious and angry, while Rose Gernon, her hands on the table, faced him fiercely. Evidently the conversation was not progressing in a satisfactory manner to either.

"No!" she was saying, rapidly, "I accept no money for what I have done. You know the only reward I claim—your love."

"I cannot give it to you," said Felix doggedly, "you know that as well as I do."

"Do I!" she cried passionately, "do you dare to say to me, after all your vows and protestations. Why did you tell me you loved me if it was but a lie."

"I did not tell you so."

"Yes, you did, Felix—you did! I remember the hour, the day when you swore that you would make me your wife."

"Keep quiet," I muttered to Olivia, who made an involuntary movement. "I tell you Rose there is some mistake," said Felix angrily.

"You mean-spirited hound."

"I am a mean-spirited hound," he answered, wearily; "no one knows that better than I do."

"Some women," continued Rose, not heeding his interruption, "some women would have killed you. I am not a woman of that kind. I'll stay and marry you."

"Impossible! I am to marry Miss Bellin."

"You promised to give up Miss Bellin if I helped you to see your brother at the Fen Inn."

"My God!" muttered Olivia, trembling violently.

"Hush!" I whispered, "now we shall hear the truth."

"I have changed my mind," retor

"PRAISE YE THE LORD."

THE ORGANIST OF THE CHURCH IN HAPPY VALLEY

Tells How Congregational Singing Reached a High Point There—A Parable With a Moral.

Happy Valley is "beautiful for situation," as are many other valleys. It is not until you visit its well ordered homes, and become acquainted with its sensible and united people, that you realize the propriety of the title. I was so fortunate as to be born in it, and still more fortunate as to be approached one day by a committee of our church with the following proposition. Premising that they had noticed in me an unusual musical talent, they had concluded to offer me the means of a thorough musical education; only on the condition, however, that, after being thus well prepared, I should devote my time and talent thereafter to the services of the church, doing all that it was possible to do for the improvement of singing in the house of God. After due deliberation, I accepted, and spent three happy but laborious years in study and practice at home and abroad.

Not many years ago I entered on this, my life work, in the valley. First, the children were cared for and thoroughly trained, class above class, oughly trained, class above class, study being mixed with cheerful concerts, games, with festivals and Christmas trees and cantatas. Also, there were evening classes for young people, for elementary and chorus work, and there was much private training of promising voices, and of any special instrumental talent which appeared to be worth cultivating. Thus, after a year or two, the way seemed thoroughly prepared for a decided advance and improvement in the methods of public worship.

But there was an enemy in the path. Pastor John is my best friend, and doubtless a man after God's own heart. We took sweet counsel together, and loved to stroll through the lovely landscape, admiring all, enjoying all, exulting in the beauty of nature; seeing in everything the work of a Divine hand. A good man—a wise man—in most things, a most sensible man was Pastor John. But in music! !

What spirit of ill-sense is it that possesses so many eminent scholars? Acquiring their own skill and knowledge by years and years of intense application and study in the line of well defined rules and modes of progress, yet they carelessly conclude that the exact science of music can be learned without learning it, and flippantly say, that if a man loves the Lord he will open his mouth and sing. As if the good Lord, who, we may reverently say, with care and thought made the rules of music, will be pleased to accept worship in which these rules are violated!

I propounded to Pastor John, that if the dogs and cats should be converted and should set up a prayer meeting, and should think it their duty to sing, whether he would like it? He said, "surely not."

Also I said, if the sheep should be converted, would he advice that they should sing in meeting? He said, impatiently, "nonsense."

Then I said, if the sweet birds were converted there would be no need of lecturing to them. They learn their lesson well, and they sing in tune, and in their fullest chorus you do not hear clashing, but harmony. Finally I said, if in Pastor John's congregation there were some that sang like cats or dogs or sheep, would it be right and proper to urge them to sing? But he would not give in.

Then, in my extremity, I called together a number of good Christians who understood the matter, and, collectively, we earnestly prayed the Lord that he would, for his own glory, and for the coming of His kingdom, help us in this matter. The response was speedy and glorious.

On the evening, Sunday, while seated at the organ, and playing the last verse of the hymn before the sermon, I happened to glance in that little mirror which is commonly placed before organists, and saw manifestly at the right hand of Pastor John the bright appearance of an angel, who, at the same moment caught my eye in the glass and nodded in a most brotherly and friendly manner. Ending the verse, I turned to take my usual "sermon seat," and saw the angel lay his hand upon the shoulder of Pastor John. Now, Pastor John is not the man to be overcome by the sudden appearance of any heavenly thing. He seemed to listen in a kind and "matter-of-course" way to what the visitor had to say, then sank quietly back in his chair. The angel advanced to the side of the pulpit, and was about to speak, when I saw him face a look of intense wonder and surprise, and—well, if ever an angel was about to whistle, then that was the angel! Restraining himself, he said: "I perceive, brethren, that you are arranged according to your supposed wealth or poverty. Allow me to change all that!" Immediately he waved his arm, and there came a thick darkness, and a sound of rushing. Directly the lights danced again, and I saw as before, Pastor John and the angel before the latter, however, in the body pews, were the young and middle-aged, the healthy and the strong ones of the assembly; the old, and the weak and infirm were at the sides and rear. Then the angel again opened his mouth and spoke lovingly, and kindly, and strongly, to the effect that most of the active work of the world must be done by those best able to bear it—and that these should rise to the importance of their position, and be wise and diligent and faithful and helpful and realize that this was a life of labor and not of ease. Again the mighty arm was raised, and again came the darkness and the sound of rushing. After this again appeared the angel and the minister, but before them were the educated, the learned, talented and refined people of our valley. I also saw that some that had been first were now last, the strongest and most energetic men in town being in a farther corner. Then again, the angel, with a voice deep, melodious and distinct, exhorted these people that they should valiantly stand in their lot, and properly influence the minds of the community — since strength is for action, but intellect must direct all.

Again he brought upon us the darkness, the rushing, the light, and, behold, our people were arranged in a most heavenly order, according to their worth and holiness. The chief place of all seemed to be occupied by a family who usually sat in a rear pew; a cold and draughty place by the door. To the people, thus arranged, the heavenly visitor spoke warmly and tenderly, words of heavenly love, counsels of patience, prophesies of the glory to come.

One more was the arm raised, and once more came the rushing and the darkness, and with it a deafening crash, as if the floor suddenly crashed asunder.

Then glad light dawned again, and, O, wonder! there appeared before me a scene often and long hoped and prayed for. The pews had disappeared. In their place were comfortable seats arranged in concentric order, and in the center of the house, filling nearly the whole room, the great congregational chorus, including all our singing people. Not only that, but there was the proper division into soprano, alto, tenor and bass. Not only that but the rows were sufficiently long to allow a separation into a double chorus. Not only that, as if with a careful and kindly hand, supporting voices were placed together, so that the sweet and correct, but weak voice could lean upon a strong one, which, in its turn, was benefited and made smoother by the contact. In front of the chorus were commodious seats for the old and feeble, the short-sighted and those with imperfect hearing. Non-singers were in the side seats. A select choir of girls, and another of boys, occupied places at the right and left of the pulpit, and in front of it was a quartet of solo singers. Then said the angel, "we will now sing the — hymn!" I instructively turned to take my organ seat, but it was already occupied! At the first chords of the music a wave of the richest harmony filled the air. There was something beyond the grand chorus in the house! Just then, I felt a strong grasp upon my shoulder, and the strangely familiar face of the angel was close to mine. "Note well!" said he, and was gone. And the grand music rolled on. And, behind the pulpit I surely saw, in misty light, the faces of a few of my former singers, come back for a little while from the Celestial Land of Song. And there were more there, there, singing, but I saw them not, and with full and thankful heart and moistened eyes sat there entranced as listening to the music of the blest. Presently the singing ceased, and Pastor John (on whose face a sun-ray just then descended and glorified it), lifted up his hands in benediction: "The peace of God rest with us and sanctify and raise us, to be fit for the society of His holy angels. Amen!"

Wherefore we were not disobedient to the holy vision. The pews are gone and the chorus seats in their places. Precisely as the angel seated them are the singers seated. Many non-singers were a little disturbed, but we held that in the first place if they would or could learn to sing, the classes and teachers were ready for them, but if they could not or would not learn it was certainly improper for them to be among those that praise, when they could not praise. It would be just as improper as for a man without an instrumest to walk with band, or for a man who could not preach, to sit in the pulpit

Within the great congregational chorus there is a silent chorus, a musical society, composed of those willing to give the time, who rehearse one evening in every week and study carefully even the simple hymn of the next Lord's day. Within this society is a small circle of specially gifted singers, who receive special lessons in voice and language training. The solo singers that sit in front of the pulpit are leaders of the chorus (as far as it needs leading). Considering that the instrument under the organist's hands has a voice 50 times more powerful than that of any man, and considering that singer intent on the words and music hear much better than they see, there is no talk or need of a beater of time, much less of a precentor. The solo singers are also teachers, assisting the organist in the task of bringing out and training the voice talent of the congregation, and they have moderate salaries. We do not fail to have occasional lectures from an elocutionist. We believe that it is almost a sin to mis-pronounce, or conceal, or half utter the the letter sounds of sacred words. In singing, "We praise thee, O Lord!" a phrase, the vowels and consonants of which can be stated as "Oo-e praz the, O Lord!" making 13 movements of the vocal organs (beside those that have to do with pitch and expression) every consonant sound must be as clear cut as a diamond point, and every vowel sound absolutely the right sound, and the same sound is all mouths. In the above phrase also the inflexions, the enthusiasm, the devotional feeling, the admonition are all to be perfectly learned, developed and felt. So when we can get him the elocutionist sits by us in rehearsals, and, when we have done to a verse all that musicians can do, he frequently puts new meaning and life into it. Of course, when these perfectly prepared singers are in church others (who rehearse once a month) somewhat mar the effect. Still our singing is frequently startlingly distinct, much to the amazement of Pastor John, who now understands what I have told him, that, as in the case of an earthly benefactor, whom we should thank in careless, mumbled words which he could not understand, so, even in the great congregation, singing to the Lord, it is careless, and slovenly, and disrespectful to address to him words which we cannot understand. Listen to an average congregation or choir. You hear the vowels, more or less clearly, but not a single consonant!

Our girls and boys have very happy meetings on holidays. The teacher remembers their love of play, and is their playmate after rehearsal. There is no lack of attendance at such rehearsals!

You may well believe that there is no dearth of music in our church festivals. Also a very happy result is that the young and cheerful beginning to restore the brightness and beauty of Zion, and loving it more and more through its songs, are thronging thither.

While there is no perfect happiness here below something closely approximating to it is now the lot of

THE ORGANIST.

A Typical Summer Costume.

A typical cotton gown that might be worn at any hour of the day or at any summer daytime function is of soft zephyr, which makes up so well, does not wrinkle, and may, with care, be worn an entire summer. Miss writes Isabel A. Mallon, in an exquisitely illustrated page of "Black and White Costumes," in the April Ladies' Home Journal. The skirt is rather close-fitting until just above the knees, where it is apparently cut off, and a deep, full flounce added to it. The heading of this flounce is formed by the gathering, and from under this gathering falls a flounce of coarse white lace, headed by a narrow black satin ribbon, which seems to be twisted. At regular intervals it is caught by a tiny black ribbon rosette. The bodice is a round one with a plain back, and the material cut so that the pointed effect I referred to is achieved. One side of the front is quite plain, and the other side is very full, not fitted at all, but drawn over in folds across the bust and fastened low down on the other side. The gloves worn with this gown are black, and the parasol a plain black silk one. The bonnet is a dainty one of black and white.

An Unnecessary Statute.

"In the old Puritan days a man wasn't allowed to kiss his wife on Sunday."

"Why, what man ever wanted to?"—Vogue.

Geographical.

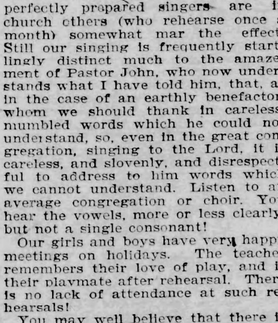
He (just accepted)—Dear love, we will be so happy—we will live in Utopia.

She—Oh, no, Harry, don't let's—I hate small places.—Hallo.

Judge Saunders

Says that For Rheumatism

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best.



Judge T. H. Saunders

Of Osceola, Neb., senior vice-commander and present commander of J. F. Reynolds Post, No. 26, G. A. R., voluntarily writes:

"I was in the army four years, was wounded and contracted sciatica and rheumatism. I have suffered ever since. I lost the use of my left leg and side, and have tried almost every medicine known, and I think I have had the best physicians in the country, but failed to get any relief. Every spring I was flat on my back, and must say that

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best

medicine I have ever taken. It has done me the most good. It was recommended to me for rheumatism, and I am satisfied and know that it will do all that you claim

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

for it. I do not want to say that it will raise a fellow from the dead; but it will come the nearest to doing it of any medicine I have ever known." T. H. SAUNDERS, Osceola, Nebraska.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

INGERSOLL ON PROTECTION.

A Ringing Speech to Vermillion County, Ill., Republicans.

On Friday the Republicans of Vermillion county, Illinois, held their convention at Danville, and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was present. He came to Danville to lecture in the evening, and by invitation consented to address the delegates in the afternoon.

When Mr. Ingersoll entered the convention, he was greeted with wild and fervent applause. His speech was on the conversational order. Every word he said was a hard hit at the Democracy. He said he was a Republican, not for what there was in it, but because he believed it was for the best interests of the country.

"I am a Republican because I am a protectionist," said Mr. Ingersoll. "I want to see every factory sending smoke and fire out of its chimneys. I want to see every man and his family well clothed. I want to see his children well fed and on their way to school with plenty of books. The hard times are the result of the fear of the capitalist to invest his money in manufacturing enterprises and the hope of the purchasing merchant that he may buy cheaper when free trade prevails. Money is stagnated, and lies in the banks uninvested. I want to see Americans produce everything that America uses. If we buy a ton of railroad iron in England for $20, we have the rails and they have the money. If we pay $25 for rails manufactured in America, how does the account stand? We have both the rails and the money. Free trade heresy ruined the South in the rebellion. They did not manufacture clothing and war implements, their ports were blockaded so they could not import anything. Had the South the same manufacturing interests as the North, it is doubtful if they ever would have been conquered. It is said that a full stomach interferes with brain work. The people have not had too much to eat during the last year. They have had a splendid opportunity to think, and the result will be an unprecedented victory this fall."

The colonel also said that there was only air enough between the North Pole and the isthmus of Panama to float one flag. He loved a growing country, and thought we should annex the Sandwich islands. True, they were two thousand miles away, but they were nearer to us than to any other country, and, when annexed, will soon fill up with Americans.

"In this matter," said Mr. Ingersoll, "President Cleveland has acted with duplicity unparalleled in the diplomatic history of the world. The idea of the President of 70,000,000 of people sending his accredited Minister Willis, with an open letter of credentials to his great and good friend, President Dole, and at the same time giving him a secret letter to the adherents of the deposed queen to knife President Dole, is unworthy of even a Chicago bunco steerer."

Hood's Sarsaparilla is absolutely unequalled as a blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It is the ideal spring medicine. Try it.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on the Blade's Book Table for Review.

"The Show at Washington" by Louis Arthur Coolidge and James Burton Reynolds, both correspondents, the one of the New York Recorder, and the other of the Boston Advertiser, is brought out by the Washington Publishing Company, Washington, D. C. The little volume contains racy descriptions of the public men in official positions in Washington, including the President and his cabinet. It is unique and entertaining.

"Studies of the Stage," by Brander Matthews, is a charming little volume issued by Harper & Brothers, New York City. A maker of plays, he says that he writes from a fuller understanding of the dramatic art, and a more intimate sympathy than would be possible to those who only know the stage from the far side of the footlights. Certainly he has presented it in a way to arouse in others a stronger interest and sympathy than was possessed before the reading, and also an understanding of just dramatic criticism.

Several French publications have recently appeared from the house of William R. Jenkins, New York City. Among them are the following: "Contes de Balzac," edited with introduction and notes, by George Melcen Hardin, Ph. D., assistant professor of French in Princeton University, and Louis Eugene Livingood, A. B., formerly instructor in French and German in Princeton University. The stories chosen are representative both of Balzac's style and of the scope of La Comedie Humaine; "Le Francais par la Conversation," by Chas. P. Ducrocquet, author of "College Preparatory French Grammar." This work will be found of great help toward enabling the student to converse fluently in French. At the end of the volume is a collection of familiar French songs arranged by music, and short selections for Translating English into French," by Paul Bercy, B. L. L. D., author of "Livre des Enfants," "Le Francais Pratique," "La Langue Francaise." These two books are so arranged that the study is progressive and each exercise is succeeded by explanatory and grammatical notes.

Charles H. Sergel Company, Chicago, issue in the International Library series "A Double Overture," by R. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," the story which has created so great a sensation in England. The present volume is made up of many different stories some of them delightful little touches of real life, with here and there a pathos that brings the tears. "Carrington" is one of these, and another is "Like a Grammarian."

"Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is published by F. T. Neely, Chicago. It is a brightly written book presenting from a woman's standpoint many and diversified characters, under various conditions, involving heart experiences. The sketching is clever and artistic, and it is difficult not to feel that real biographies are not given. At any rate most of it is true to life.

"Alden's Nutshell Cyclopedia" is designed by its publisher, John B. Alden, New York, to be a sort of supplement to other cyclopedias and not as a rival. It includes the most important subjects which are of living interest, the sciences, the arts, the countries and great cities, and men who are active in the world of today, and concerning these it gives the latest information attainable. It will prove a most convenient manual for newspaper workers, students and teachers. The set is to be complete in four cheap volumes.

Letting Harry Down Easy.

I have not the honor of Harry Dean's acquaintance, but when he goes to the trouble of asking me in a nice, typewritten letter why a tonsorial artist's shop is like Darkest Russia, and then in the very next sentence puts me on by stating that the T. A. S. is like D. R. because it is full of barber-isms, I cannot refrain from printing his riddle. He also asks if "this one" is original and if it is worth printing.

I think, Harry, that it is original, but if I were you, and felt any more attacks coming on like the spasm from which that was evolved, I would take a hot bath and go to bed. You might get in the habit of it. And did you ever think that a tonsorial artist's shop is also like Darkest Russia because plenty of people are lathered in each place every year, and because many men have close shaves in both the shop and the country, and because getting into either place oftentimes means a bad scrape, and because—but why continue? Your intellect, Harry, is just great enough to prolong the comparisons indefinitely.—Buffalo Express.

Unnerved by Cachinnation.

The color fled from his bright young face. There was a terrible, implacable look in his eyes.

"No," he harshly insisted, "you can never be a sister to me."

She frowned angrily.

"Sir," she exclaimed, "explain yourself."

He laughed a hollow cachinnation.

"If," he presently observed, "my father in his diary speaks truly, you have already chosen to be my aunt."

She shrieked as the past came rushing upon her like a flood.—Detroit Free Press.

Not All Habit, Though.

Bilkins—You look unhappy.

Wilkins—Y-e-s: I—er—married a shop-girl, you know.

Bilkins—A charming little woman she is, too.

Wilkins—Yes, I know; bless her! But every time she sees me she yells "Cash!"—Puck.

Unkissed Kisses.

"But if you were to kiss me against my will you really wouldn't be kissing me," she argued.

"I know it," gloomily, "but then," brightening, "I could kiss your lips any way and draw on my imagination for the rest."—Vogue.

TREES Fruit and Ornamental. Spring Planting. Handsomenew Grapes, Shrubs, Roses, for Awarded Several Medals at the World's Fair. Catalogue Free. Ellwanger & Barry, Mt. Hope Nurseries Rochester, N. Y.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Prohibitory Laws.

J. T. S., Winfield, Iowa: Maine in 1846 passed a prohibitory liquor law, repealed it in 1856, and re-enacted it in 1858; it is now in force. Delaware had such a law in 1847, which was pronounced unconstitutional in 1884. New Hampshire, in 1849 and 1855; in 1889 a constitutional prohibitory amendment was voted down. Michigan has constitutional prohibition in 1850, a law in 1852, unconstitutional in 1854, re-enacted in 1855, and repealed in 1875. In 1852 Minnesota passed a law modified later; she has high license now. Rhode Island passed a law in 1852, unconstitutional in 1853; amended in 1863 it was accepted by the people; another law was passed in 1874, repealed in 1875; another was enacted in 1877 and repealed in 1889. Massachusetts had a law in 1852, declared unconstitutional in 1853, afterward became a law in 1855, repealed in 1868, re-enacted in 1869, modified in 1870, made more stringent in 1871, weakened in 1873 and 1875. Vermont in 1852 adopted its present prohibition laws. New York had a law in 1855, declared unconstitutional in 1856. Connecticut in 1872 repealed a law passed in 1854. Indiana had such a law in 1855, but it fell into disuse because the Supreme court council divided evenly on the question of its constitutionality. In 1854 Iowa passed a law, which became a dead letter in 1882; the people voted for prohibition in 1882, and she has just modified it. Nebraska in 1880 repealed a law passed in 1855. Kansas had a law in 1868, replaced by a constitutional provision in 1880, supported by a law passed in 1887. North and South Dakota adopted prohibitory clauses in their constitutions in 1889. Besides these Maine, Iowa and Kansas have constitutional provisions.

Frederick the Great.

H. N. W., Coventryville, N. Y.: Frederick II., third king of Prussia, known as Frederick the Great, was born in 1712, died 1786. Owing to a quarrel with his father he attempted to fly to England but was overtaken and brought back, and was only saved from death by the intercposition of other European sovereigns; but suffered a term of imprisonment. In 1733 his father compelled him to marry the daughter of the duke of Brunswick-Bevern. Afterward his father became reconciled to him, and he succeeded to the throne in 1740. He at once became a military despot, bent on the single purpose of enlarging his monarchy. He first took up arms against Austria, which was the signal for a general war in Europe, known as the Austrian war of Austrian succession. England took the side of Austria, France, Saxony and Bavaria that of Prussia. His conduct as a general gave him the name of the greatest military leader of his time. This was ended in 1745, and the accessions of territory to Prussia made by it doubled the number of his subjects. In 1756 the famous Seven Years' War began. The first year he conquered Saxony. The coalition of Russia, Sweden, Austria and France against Prussia and England (which deserted him after the death of George II.), finally ended in 1763, and the remaining years of his reign he devoted himself to the restoration of the country and the building up of the army.

Wedding Anniversaries.

E. J. P., Toledo, O.: Here is a complete list of the various wedding anniversaries:

First	Cotton wedding
Second	Paper wedding
Third	Leather wedding
Fourth	Book wedding
Fifth	Wooden wedding
Sixth	Garnet wedding
Seventh	Woolen wedding
Eighth	Bric-a-brac wedding
Ninth	Topaz wedding
Tenth	Tin wedding
Twelfth	Silk and fine linen wedding
Fifteenth	Crystal wedding
Twentieth	China wedding
Twenty-fifth	Silver wedding
Thirtieth	Pearl wedding
Thirty-fifth	Sapphire wedding
Fortieth	Ruby wedding
Fiftieth	Golden wedding
Seventy-fifth	Diamond wedding

Ohio's Official Vote.

J. W. Sterling, O.: The following is the official vote of Ohio in 1892:

Cleveland, Dem	404,115
Harrison, Rep	405,187
Bidwell, Proh	21,2012
Weaver, Pop	14,850

The figures are those received by the candidate for presidential elector who ran highest on his ticket. One Democratic elector, James P. Seward, received more votes than the lowest on the Republican ticket.

The official figures at the election for governor in November, 1893, are as follows:

Campbell, Dem	352,347
McKinley, Rep	483,242
Macklin, Proh	22,406
Bracken, Proh	15,562

Roster of Ohio Troops.

W. M. S. Goldfield, Iowa, writes: "I saw in The Blade of March 22, that Ohio has published a roster of her soldiers furnished in the rebellion. I went from Wauseon, O., and am the only Ohio soldier here, except one. Where will I have to send to get one, or get to see one?"

O. W. L., Barton, Kan., H. W. F., Montrose, Mo., and others, have written making the same inquiry. The roster of Ohio troops is published by the state of Ohio, consists of two volumes, and costs $1 per volume, plus postage. You can get either the whole work, or any volume you wish. If you want only the volume with your own regiment, when you order give the number of your regiment, and ask to have the one volume sent containing it. Address "Gen. James C. Howe, Adjutant General's office, Columbus, Ohio."

All Fools' Day.

H. C. B., Deer Lodge, Mont.: The custom of sending people on empty errands on April 1, which is called All Fools' Day, is common in every country in Europe. Oriental scholars say that it is derived from the Persian feast of the Hindoos, on which occasion a similar custom prevails. Another opinion is that it comes from Christ's being sent about to and fro among Herod, Pilate and Caiaphas. In France the fooled man is called "poisson d' avril," meaning an "April fish."—a silly fish, easy caught. In Scotland he is called a "gowk," which means a cuckoo. The custom is a coarse one, coming down from a rude age, and should be abandoned by all sensible persons.

Friday as "Hangman's Day."

I. E., Green Cove, Va., asks: "Why is it that every person executed by law is hanged on Friday?"

It is not true any longer, though it was formerly. Friday was the day of the week on which Christ was crucified. So, in the darkness of the Middle Ages, there grew up a number of childish superstitions about Friday being an unlucky day, and it finally became the day on which criminals were executed. We are gradually getting over these old-time superstitions, and many judges fix other days for executions, in sentencing those condemned to death by the rope or by electricity.

Tobacco Under the Wilson Bill.

G. B. T., Enid, Okla.: Under the Wilson bill, as it stands at present, the duty on all imported tobacco is:

On all leaf tobacco, suitable for cigar wrappers, if unstemmed, $1 per lb., if stemmed, $1.25 per lb.

On all other leaf tobacco, unstemmed, 35 cents per lb., if stemmed, 50 cents.

Tobacco, manufactured or unmanufactured, not specially enumerated, and snuff, 40 cents per lb.

Cigars, cheroots, and cigarettes of all kinds, $8 per lb., and 25 cents per lb. ad valorem.

Woolen Rags.

W. L., Hodgersville, N. Y., writes: "Our Democratic friends tell us that it is not the Wilson bill that is cutting the price of wool, but they say woolen rags under the McKinley bill are free of duty and they say these rags are worked up into cloth and that is what makes the trouble."

There is the tariff liar again. Woolen rags, mungo and flocks pay a duty of 10 cents a pound under the McKinley law, and shoddy pays 30 cents a pound. This proves the lie.

Old Coins.

M. E. B., South Bend, Ind.: No premium on the 1853 half dollar. The 1853 quarter, WITHOUT arrows at the sides of the date, is worth $4; with arrows, no premium. No premium on the copper cent of 1827.

Warsaw, Mo.: No premium on the 1818 half dollar. A coin with a hole in it is not wanted by dealers.

P. O. S., North Warren, Pa.: See answer to M. E. B.

The Banana.

G. H. B., Medford, Minn.: The banana is a plant, not a tree. At the top the bunch of bananas appears. The stalk of the bunch bends over, and the bananas hang from it, pointing downward. It requires nine months from the time the slip is planted for the flowers to appear, and then three or four months to mature the fruit. Then the plant dies, but from its root spring up shoots which are transplanted.

Legal Tender.

Subscriber, Pierre, S. D.: We have grown very tired of stating that standard silver dollars are a full legal tender for all obligations, public and private, in any amount whatever.

Pension Questions.

J. J., Marion, N. C.: The state law governs the fees of magistrates, clerks of court, and notaries public in making out pension vouchers. It is not illegal to charge the fee authorized by the state law.

Miscellaneous.

M. H., Dayton, Fla.: We are not familiar with the tax laws of your state. Inquire of a lawyer.

E. E. M., Chicago: Consult a music dealer.

E. C. R., Philo, Cal.: William Morris is poet laureate of England.

W. P., Aumsville, Ore.: The proper division of the names is into two syllables each, thus: Aa-ron, Is-aac.

H. N. D., Harvel, Ills.: We do not know. The only way to find out is to write to a lawyer in every state.

J. S. M., Wild Rose, Wis.: We think not. Write to the Postmaster General of the United States, Washington, D. C.

W. F. S., Loami, Ills.: It is contrary to the Rules above to give addresses. Such an address would be a free advertisement.

R. E. H., New Windsor, Colo.: We are not possessed of definite information concerning the official report of the World's Fair.

F. M. L., Tobasco, O.: Bret Harte and Donald G. Mitchell are alive. We have not the exact dates of the deaths of the others.

J. H. S., Merrill, Iowa: Write to the "Register of the U. S. Land Office," at either Booneville, Ironton or Springfield, Missouri.

G. K. C., West Toledo, O.: We know of no sympathetic ink visible when first written, but which vanishes with the application of heat.

J. W. M., Lexington, Ala.: It is impossible to give the views of "all the Presidents" on the tariff as it was not always a topic of foremost interest.

F. M., Irving, Ills., asks for a method of "destroying ants, which are working in building timber, and have about destroyed the building." Who can tell him how to do so?

O. S. H. Marion, N. C.: Rider Haggard is an English author, noted for his extraordinary powers of invention and description. We have not the facts for a connected sketch.

S. D. S. Dalzell, O.: Vulcanized rubber, such as old boots, belting, bands, etc., can not be dissolved. You must buy unvulcanized rubber of a druggist and dissolve it in bisulphide of carbon. The druggist will give you the proportions.

H. W. D., Anna, O., asks: "The admission of what state gave the North political supremacy?" The question is an impossible one. The Southern states, by themselves, never had a majority of electoral votes.

F. M. B., Wenatchee, Wash.: It is the chrysalis of a common butterfly, with black and yellow wings. We have put it in a safe place to let it hatch, and if it does so will be able to report the name of the variety.

—, White City, Kan.: Why did you not observe Rule 1? You can not learn to be a lecturer out of any book. Books will furnish facts, but a good education, a college course, and a wide range of reading are needed requisites.

Subscriber, Port Byron, asks what use is made of the canceled postage stamps, which so many are collecting. We know of nothing except selecting the best ones to sell to collectors. If there is any other use, we shall be glad to be informed of it.

M. L. S., Eastville, Kan.: The phrase, "reading between the lines," means that the statement is not full; that it presents only part of the case; that the writer was trying to present his side in the best light, or trying to excuse something without saying so.

S. G. R., Cranberry, O.: The duty on sporting guns, in the Wilson bill, is 20 per cent ad valorem. This is a reduction of over one-half from the present law. It may make imported guns cheaper, but will not alter the price of American-made guns.

A. C. H., Oregon, Wis.: It is not worth the space to report the Populist platform of 1892. Its main points favor government ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones, unlimited greenbacks as currency, free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, inflation of the currency, and an income tax.

J. A. R., Leesburg, Pa.: A free government, like ours, must depend upon the intelligence of the voters. If they are ignorant, they are easily misled by demagogues, and may be led off, as the Populists are, to support measures which, if adopted, would prove ruinous to the country.

S. L. C., Kirksville, Mo., asks: "Has a law been passed to refund commutation money to those who were drafted in the first draft?"

Not by Congress. That is a matter for state action. New York passed such a law, we believe, but no other state has done so.

E. P., Syracuse, N. Y.: We do not understand whether you mean to inquire how to get admission to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, or to become a pupil on a training ship, with a view to becoming a marine. If the latter, don't do it, for it leads to nothing. All you could ever become would be a marine in the United States navy—exactly the same as an enlisted man in the army. The officers of the navy are trained at the Naval Academy. Each Representative in Congress appoints one from his district every four years. Write to your Representative.

E. B., Veedersburg, Ind.: To start a national bank, the stockholders must organize, elect officers, get the permission of the Comptroller of the Currency, buy a specified amount of United States bonds, which are to be deposited in the Treasury of the United States, and comply with a few legal formalities.

J. L. K., Colfax, Wash.: "Has a national bank a right to exact a percentage for cashing pension checks?"

Yes, any bank or banker has the right. Where no charge is made, it is simply a favor.

The Evolution

of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy, see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all leading druggists.

VIRTUE WAS ITS OWN REWARD.

How a Young Teacher Was Rewarded for a Kind Action.

A South Side society girl, who is teaching in a "patch" kindergarten, had a queer offer from one of the small Italians who attended the school, says the Chicago Herald. One day not long ago the young lady was walking in the patch district after being detained at school finishing some work. She was passing a saloon and in front of it stood one of the scholars. He had an accordion, and a small sister stood by his side shaking a tambourine.

As the teacher approached the little boy called out to her: "Hello, teacher; me and Tessa plays here every day."

The kindergartner dropped a coin in the dirty little hand which the little "Tessa" held out and, speaking to Jonny, passed on.

The next morning Jonny held up his hand, waving it about impatiently, trying to catch the teacher's eye.

"Well, Johnny, what is it?"

"Teacher, I seen you yesterday, didn't I."

"Yes, Johnny."

"Did you see dat saloon where I was front of?"

"Yes, dear; that will do. Don't talk any more now."

In a moment up came the little hand again.

"Well, Johnny, what is it?"

"Say, teacher, any time dat yon's wants a drink of yon goes to dat saloon, it's my pa's saloon, and if yon tells him you're my teacher he'll give you's a drink for nothin' and a free lunch, wid bully soup, frown in."

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young man, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, premature decay, lost vigor, lack of vitality, atrophy, vericocele, etc., will write me, I will send him a plain envelope sealed, free, full particulars for a certain, speedy and permanent cure. Address, G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1603, Marshall, Mich.

Her Ultimatum.

He—You say that my extreme age is no objection, Miss Peachblow. Then, why don't you marry me?

Penelope—Because all the girls would be sure to say you were my only chance.

He—If you'll marry me, I'll swear to do anything you wish.

She—Will you swear for me, too?

He—Yes.

She—Then, I'll marry you.—Raymond's Monthly.

A Modern Zeus.

The head of N. E. Theodorianites, the Greek gentleman now traveling in this country, is an almost exact duplicate of the famous Jupiter of Phidias. He has been pictured as a pagan god 137 times, once by Meissonier.

According to His Lights.

"How do you like that colored valet you imported from Alabama?"

"He won't do."

"What's the matter?"

"I told him last night to get out what I needed for the ball, and he brought me my razor."—Life.

Men Say These Things Sometimes.

Blinks—I tell you, we men are not what we used to be.

Jinks—How is that?

Blinks—Well, you see, we used to be boys.—Truth.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sinus in Horse Will Not Heal.

C. E. B., Indiana: The white lining you see is the sinus left along the track of the abscess. This pipe, or sinus, will not heal readily, and cannot be obliterated without some destructive inflammation of the walls. The zinc lotion will cause granulation, but it is not of sufficient strength to destroy the hardened parts along the track of the abscess. In surgery it is very difficult to destroy any mucus track, and so far as the using of a scapel or knife is concerned you should not think of it for a moment. You should insert in the sinus a piece of cotton well saturated with fresh turpentine, or tincture of iodine. The turpentine will answer the purpose. The pledget should be put well into the pipe, or sinus, and the plug left there for 24 hours. Suppuration will have set in, and the part should be encouraged with hot fomentations and poultices for about two days. The injection of the zinc lotion may then be resumed. The part should not be allowed to heal rapidly, if there is any evidence of pus. If healing sets in in a few days again insert the cotton plug of turpentine. Then the part should close up under daily injections of the zinc lotion. If not, the part may be plugged with the cotton and sulphate of zinc for 24 hours. A favorite treatment with many, and which in many cases is successful, is plunge a red-hot iron to the bottom of the sinus, and thoroughly sear all parts of the walls. This is to be repeated after the first slough has taken place. The walls will, after the sloughing has ceased, heal nicely under the zinc lotion. If the turpentine fails it will be well for you to try the red-hot iron. You should be careful not to get the iron too deep. The treatment of a case of the kind you have requires time, as it is at times a difficult problem for a veterinary to work out. However, if the bone is not affected and there is no foreign substance in the abscessed part by following directions above you will be pretty sure to effect a cure. There is no danger in using the hot iron if care is exercised, and it is certainly one of the very best things that can be done.

About Cow's Udders.

J. A. M., Indiana: A stricture may form in the upper portion of a cow's teat, but usually it will give way to a continuous insertion of the milking tube. Sometimes the milk will become thickened, and refuse to come in quantity, even when the tube is inserted, but if it comes in thickened drops the flow may be increased by injecting into the teat with a small syringe saleratus or carbonate of soda and warm water—a teaspoonful of the former to half a pint of the latter. The milking tube if properly inserted will in nineteen cases of twenty open up the milk duct. It will be necessary to be careful not to push it up so that it will indure the udder, as this is very delicate. In the cutting of a stricture a special instrument is necessary. Clotted or caked milk will after a few injections break up, thin out, and pass from the teat. Of course, when the quarter or quarters of the udder have been destroyed by inflammation, there is only one way to do, and that is to dry the cow as soon as possible. But it should not be taken for granted that permanent injury has been done until proper treatment has been exhausted. Perhaps you did not insert the milking tube to its full limit. If the udder is cool, and does not have an atrophied or shrunken appearance, the cow may be brought around all right; but there are cases of contagious mammitis which forever destroy the udder, and when the milker milks another cow, if the hand becomes wet with the milk of the affected one, the bacteria may be transmitted to the well one. In treating the cow when milk shows specks, you are advised to give her a dose of 3-4 pound epsom salts in a quart of warm water, in which a cup of molasses has been stirred. Then give her an ounce of saltpetre once a day for about five days. After this, give her a dose daily of hyposulphite of soda for two weeks. Be careful never to pull at you cow's teat when milking. Set a bucket of warm water under the udder of the cow, and with the aid of some one wring out a rug or large piece of cloth, and hold it against the udder, dipping it in the water whenever the heat is lowered. The water should be as warm as the hand can bear it. Then dry the udder carefully and apply camphorated liniment with gentle hand friction. When indurations or hardened swellings appear on the udder, these may be dispersed by using tincture of mercury, 1 oz.; sulphate of morphia, 8 grs.; mix well and rub in with the finger, or apply with a brush, every two days. While using this, care should be taken not to allow the udder or cow to get wet. It is no trouble for the editor to answer questions, as he always cheerfully does so.

Gapes in Fowls.

O. S. R., Met

Talmage's Sermon.

HOW IT SUSTAINS IN EVERY TROUBLE.

The Grandest Human Adornment is Faith in Christ—What Faith Does for Man.

In the Brooklyn tabernacle this week Rev. Dr. Talmage preached to a crowded audience, on a subject of unusual interest, as illustrating the sustaining power of religion to those who are in daily contact with the world, its trials and temptations. The text chosen was Psalms lxviii. 13:

"Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

I suppose you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian slavery. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brick kiln there were also other utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food: and when these poor slaves, tired of the day's work, lay down to rest, they lay down among the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work. When they arose in the morning they found their garments covered with the clay and the smoke and the dust, and besmirched and begrimed with the utensils of cookery. But after a while the Lord broke up that slavery, and he took these poor slaves into a land where they had better garb, bright and clean and beautiful apparel.

No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh make his own bricks. When David in my text comes to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brick kilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters. Worse than Pharaoh, it keeps us dredging in a most degrading service; but after a while Christ comes and he says: "Let my people go," and we pass out from among the brick kilns of sin into the glorious liberty of the gospel: we put on the clean robes of Christian profession, and when, at last, we soar away to the warm nest which God has provided for us in heaven, we shall go fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

See, in the first place, what religion will do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder; I do not say but he will stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged; but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man not a Christian depends upon worldly successes to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has a large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows how to spend; everything goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes—there are many young men in the house this morning who cantestify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone; he goes down, down; he becomes sour, cross, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the church, blames everything, rushes perhaps to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble, he drowns his body and drowns his soul.

But here is a Christian young man. Trouble comes to him. Does he give up? No! He throws himself back on the resources of heaven. He says: "God is my father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine. Christ is mine. Christian companionship is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe in the promise "All are yours." What though my worldly friends fall away? Ministering angels are my bodyguard. What though my fare be poor and my bread be scant? I sit at the kin's banquet!"

Again I remark, religion is an adornment in the style of usefulness into which it inducts a man. Here are two young men. The one has fine culture, exquisite wardrobe, plenty of friends, great worldly success, but he lives for himself. His chief care is for his own comfort. He lives uselessly. He dies unregretted. Hers is another young man. His apparel may not be so good his education may not be so thorough. He lives for others. His happiness is to make others happy. He is as self-denying as that dying soldier falling in the ranks, when he said: "Colonel, there is no need of those boys tinging themselves by carrying me to the hospital; let me die just where I am." So this young man of whom I speak loves God, wants all the world to love him, is not ashamed to carry a bundle of clothes up that dark alley to the poor. Which of those young men do you admire the better? The one a sham, the other a prince imperial.

If religion is so good a thing to have here, how bright a thing it will be in heaven! I want to see that young man when the glories of heaven have robed and crowned him. I want to hear him sing when all huskiness of earthly colds is gone, and he rises up with the great doxology. I want to know what standard he will carry when marching under arches of pearl in the army of banners. I want to know what company he will keep in the land where they are all kings and queens forever and ever. If I have induced one of you this morning to begin a better life, then I want to know it. I may not in this world clasp hands with you in friendship, I may not hear from your own lips the story of temptation and sorrow, but I will clasp hands with you when the sea is passed and the gates are entered.

That I might woo you to a better life, and that I might show you the glories with which God clothes her dear children in heaven, I wish I could this morning swing back one of the twelve gates, that there might dash upon your ear one shout of the triumph that there might flame upon your eyes one blaze of the splendor.

My brother, I am afraid you may lose heaven the way Louis Philippe lost his empire. The Parisian mob came around the Tuileries. The national guard stood in defense of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe: "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." "No," said Louis Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the general: "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the general. "It is too late now; don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. Away from the earth went the House of Orleans, and all because the king said: "Not yet! not yet!" May God forbid that any of you should adjourn this great subject of religion, and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late, too late—you losing a throne in heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth.

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A Cry for Help.

In the stillness of the night is sufficiently startling. What if no aid be at hand or we know not whence the cry comes? This is not the case with that mute appeal made to the resources of medical science, ever ready, ever available by disease on every hand. A prompt means of self help for the malarious, the rheumatic, the dyspeptic, the bilious, and persons troubled with impending kidney complaints is to be found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an ever "present help in time of trouble" for all such luckless individuals. They should not delay a moment in seeking its aid. Experience has shown its wide utility, the recommendation of eminent physicians everywhere its unanimous use. Nervous, thin, debilitated invalids gain bodily substance and vigor by a course of this fine invigorant, which is eminently serviceable, also, to the aged and convalescent.

CONCLUDES HE IS A "SUCKER."

Bald-Headed Man From the Country Disappointed in the Opera.

The man sitting next to him noticed that the bald-headed person with the red necktie was getting decidedly nervous.

Presently, in the middle of a magnificent quintet, the bald-headed man turned round and said:

"Say!"

"Well?" was the reply, accompanied by a hardly concealed frown. A lover of opera hates interruption as Satan loves good.

"What kind of a show is this, anyway?"

"This? Why, this is—" The singing was so beautiful just then that he stopped and whispered "Hush! Sh!"

The other went on:

"Ain't there no comic song coming along presently?"

For answer there was a shake of the head.

"Nobody get into a sawmill and escape by the skin of his teeth?"

"No."

"No horse race?"

"No."

"When does the song-and-dance act come on? Say, ain't there any laughs in this thing, anywhere? Gee, but I reckon I struck the wrong gate altogether! I come in town to-day and asked a feller what was the best show in town and he told me this was it. And I've been sitting here an hour an' they ain't done a thing but shout and weep and run around like beetles trying to turn right side up. 'Tain't like any show ever I seen! Whatever is it, anyway?"

But the other man had moved away to where he could hear the music without interruption. The bald-headed man hailed an usher.

"Any Amazons' march in this?" he asked.

The usher shook his head.

"Any Midway Plaisance dancing?"

"No!"

"Well, then, blame the luck," said the bald-headed man, reaching for his hat, "I guess I'm a sucker!"

History of a Great Diamond.

The Imperial treasury of Austria contains the Florentine diamond, one of the finest of the world, noted for its luster and brilliancy. It is said to be worth $450,000 and has a romantic history. It once belonged to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who was rather careless in guarding his treasures. He went to battle one day with this diamond in his pocket, and the result was that he lost it. The diamond lay on the road and a Swiss soldier picked it up, and looking upon it as a piece of glass, threw it down again, but as it fell the sun's rays caught it, and the soldier, thinking it a pretty trinket, concluded to carry it along. Shortly after this he showed it to a priest. The priest admired it and gave him two shillings for it. The priest sold it to a jeweler for two and sixpence, and a rich merchant paid the jeweler $2,500 for it. The merchant sold it to an Italian duke for $1,000 advance on his price, and the duke sold it to one of the popes, who paid $60,000. After a number of other adventures it came into the possession of a grand duke who married the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, and through her it came to the Imperial treasury.

Disappointed.

Widow—Yes, you are very much like my dear, dead husband.

He (pleased)—In what respect?

Widow—You have all his bad habits. —Hallo.

Still at It.

"Are you sure Miss Oldtime keeps up the study of ancient history?"

Madge—"Oh, dear me, yes. I saw her reading in her diary to-day.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Put Yourself in His Place.

"I didn't think that a man of your courage would run away from a woman.

"You would if you were my wife's husband."—Hallo.

A NOBLE GIFT

PLACED IN A DAUGHTER'S HANDS

In Order That a Life's Work May Be Perpetuated.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

It was an eventful day.

One of the noblest women of the age felt the weight of years upon her.

Her whole life had been given to one grand work, and her name was known throughout the civilized world.

Before her was a younger woman, and they were seated in the great "record room," where were stored many women's stories of sorrow and joy.

Letters by the thousands, together with great books of record, containing the important points of advice and treatment in special cases, were all about them.

The elder woman turned over the leaves and read:—

"I was sorely afflicted with chronic inflammation of the womb . . . . I am now well."

Turning over another page she read:—

"They said I was consumptive, and sent me away . . . . But you opened my eyes to the truth, and through you I am well."

Another page and:—

". . . Your remedy came to me with hope, then the truth dawned upon me. . . . You saved my life, and I bless you continually."

Then the book was closed and placed in the hands of the younger woman.

"These are the records of my victories over the peculiar diseases of women. They give the history of each case, and how it was treated.

"I am growing old. Some day I must give up the effort, and I bequeath to you my life work for the physical salvation of women. Carry it forward that all may be cured."

The elder woman was *Lydia E. Pinkham*. The younger was her daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Pinkham, the one woman fully equipped to carry out the requirements of this noble legacy, not only by natural endowments, but from her knowledge through constant study and years of experience in assisting her mother in her voluminous correspondence and personal treatment of woman's diseases.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will redeem women from the fearful consequences of all diseases of the womb. All druggists have it for you.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Fighting in Missouri.

Editor Camp Fire:—In the good old Blade of March 8, I see that one of F Co., 47th regt. Mo. Inft. Vols. has waked up. I am ever so glad Comrade M. P. C. to hear from you. You say: "As I have not heard anything from the 47th Mo. Inft. I thought If I would stir the fire a little maybe some of the boys might come out of the woods." Comrade, how long have you been reading the "good old Blade?" If you read the Camp Fire in The Blade of October 10, 1893, you surely read my account of the battle of Pilot Knob. And in the number of November 16, 1893, I gave an account of our retreat to Rolla, Mo., headed "Campaigning in Missouri." Yes, comrade, Co. F, with brave old Bob Adain at the head, stood next to the fort in the south rifle pit at Ft. Davidson, Pilot Knob, Mo., September 27, 1864. Co. H next (my company), then Co. G next. There was but a remnant of Co. H in the right pit when the assault was made on the fort by the enemy, when "that flag" fell so often. Ten men and one sreegeant were sent as an escort of wagons to Patterson to assist in bringing off McElroy of the 3d U. S. N., and Cos. A and G of the 47th a few days previous. They were in "go quick" from Patterson and only three returned to be at Pilot Knob. Thirty-five men and one lieutenant were sent the night of the 20th to guard the post train north to Gen. A. J. Smith, 16th corps, at DeSoto, Mo., 42 miles away. They met Joe Shelby at Hopewell station, about 20 miles north of Pilot Knob, sometime during the day of the battle (the 27th) and of course were compelled to leave the train and take to the brush. One man was wounded.

Well then, at the time the enemy charged the fort, Lieut. E. P. Little had taken twenty men and accompanied Capt. Milks, 3d U. S. N., to V. W. Slope of Sheperd's Mount. So you see 63 men besides a few sick and Co. H had but few men left. You remember the first shot from the enemy's guns on Shepherd's Mount cut rather disagreeably close to H's heads and struck just between Capt. Adain's feet, which causd him to jump up a little and say something like a cussword. Our company had built a shelter of blankets on the side or end next to Shepherd's Mount, and when they came down off Shepherd's Mount our captain went to "get orders" to go into the fort, telling us to remain. The 14th Iowa went over against the fort on the side of a point of Shepherd's Mount and so received the first fire of the advancing columns of the rebels. Two men fell wounded. I think one was a lieutenant, but they were brought into the fort by their comrades amid a storm of lead. Then Co. G passed H going into the fort, also F followed. H crouched behind our blanket cover till the enemy were near the south end of the rifle pit on the creek bank, then we "let drive" in the thickest of them as they came on our "end" and we went into the fort through the sally-port which passed under the south wall. As I came up into the fort a captain of the 14th Iowa slapped me on the shoulder and said: "Sergeant, take 20 men and go to that gate quick, the ropes (of the draw bridge were broken and the bridge was down) are broken! Don't let 'em come in. You will be rewarded."

I wanted no reward more than doing my duty in helping to keep the enemy out. Well, I got four men and we went and stood amidst the logs and boxes which were quickly used as a barricade when the draw bridge ropes broke. We were in time to see Gen. Fagan carried behind a building when he fell badly wounded.

I will close by saying: "M. P. C., try again. Other comrades of the 14th Iowa, 47th Mo., 3d U. S. M., also 1st and 2d U. S. M. and 50th Mo. Also the brave battery boys of the 2d Mo. Art., who were with us at Pilot Knob, Mo., September 26 and 27, 1864. Then the retreat to Rolla, Mo., which ended about October 1, or even citizens or non-combatants who were there. Wish some of the ladies would write who viewed the battle from the top of the mountain north of the fort.—H. C. Wilkinson, late first sergeant Co. H, 47th Mo. Inft. Vols.

An Incident of '61.

Editor Camp Fire:—I would like to ask if there are any soldiers living who remember an incident that happened in July, 1861, while camped near Falling Waters, Va. The 2nd Mass. Vol. were encamped, and also the 11th Ind. Zouaves, Col. Lew Wallace. The 2nd Mass. officers kept a strong camp guard, with orders not to permit any of the troops around to enter camp, as the 2nd was a three-year regiment and all others were three months, and their time nearly out. The 11th Ind. boys came over to visit the 2nd, and the colonel of the 2nd, who was a West Point martinet and also the lieutenant-colonel, would not permit any intercourse, as these officers looked upon them as contemptible militia, and the 2nd Mass. officers were looked upon as dudes and tyrants. The 2nd had a grand dress parade, white gloves, etc. After the parade, the 11th Ind. had a zouave drill. In a few days Patterson moved to Martinsburg, then to Bunker's Hill, where Patterson on the morning of July 21, had his troops under arms from 2 a. m. till 12 m., undecided whether to advance on Winchester or retreat to Charleston.

He finally marched to Charleston, and there is not the shadow of doubt he was influenced to make that move by his chief of staff and the colonel of the 2nd regiment, both of whom had served with him in the Mexican war, and he had great confidence in them.

They wished the war prolonged, and there is no doubt Johnston knew early in the morning he could send his troops to reinforce Beauregard, which was the cause of our defeat at Bull Run and prolonging the war. At Charleston when the 2nd regiment marched out to go to Harper's Ferry to act as provost guard, the three-months' men lined the road on either side, and as they passed they yelled "three cheers for the non-commissioned officers and privates of the 2nd Massachusetts!" They were given with a will. Then they yelled "three groans for the officers of the 2nd Massachusetts," and they were given.

At Harper's Ferry some of the 11th boys who wanted to see the historic place, came into town with passes signed by Col. Lew Wallace. The passes were not honored by the officers of the 2nd regiment, and the men were put in the guard house. Col. Wallace sent a request to have the men liberated, which the colonel of the 2nd would not grant. Then Col. Wallace came down to the old engine house, the headquarters of the guard, and demanded the men, and finally went to Patterson, and got an order for their release.

The colonel of the 11th came out of the war as a major-general, the colonel of the 2nd never got the full rank of major-general, although a West Pointer.

I would like to know if there are any who remember these incidents; also, if there are any of the 27th Ind. who remember coming over to the 2nd Mass. regiment camp, and cutting a man down who had been tied up by the thumbs at the camp near Dorancetown, Md., in '61?

How Jackson Escaped Death.

Editor Camp Fire:—As it has been some time since I have furnished any fuel I will add a chip that may interest some of the boys who wore the blue.

The incident I am about to relate happened in December, 1861. Our regiment had been doing general and scouting duty at Lebanon Junction, Ky., for two months, and were moving to Lebanon, to form a brigade with the Ninth Ohio and other regiments, the men going by railway, and the wagons, horses, etc., by wagon road in charge of Lieutenant C. H. Haven, of Company A, and a guard of about 40 men.

This command camped the first night near the little town of Springfield, and upon the plantation of one Jackson, a brother of the man who shot Colonel Ellsworth in Washington in the spring of '61.

After going into camp Lieutenant Haven sent Corporal Aul with three men to Jackson's house to buy some forage for the horses. They met Jackson on the porch and stated their business, when he asked if they were Union soldiers, when with an oath he ordered them off his premises, saying that he would shoot them if they came back. Our regiment at that time had not become veterans in foraging off the rebs, and so the boys returned to camp and reported to the lieutenant, whereupon he gave them his revolvers, and told them to go and get what forage they needed. They again went to the house, and as the corporal who was in advance passed the front end of the house Jackson without warning fired at the corporal putting five buckshot into his body.

The other boys dodged behind the corner of the house just in time to escape the contents of the other barrel of the shotgun which he fired at them.

The lieutenant now placed a strong guard around the house to prevent Jackson's escape, and sent a courier to Lebanon, ten miles distant, to report the case to the colonel. About midnight, Capt. Wm. Markham, with Company B, arrived, and after doubling the guard around the house the captain with an orderly sergeant entered the house, and breaking down the locked doors found Jackson in the attic, armed with an army rifle, double-barreled shotgun and revolvers, but the sergeant with his rifle at his shoulder and his finger upon the trigger told him if he moved a hand he would kill him, and he surrendered.

Jackson was then taken to Lebanon, where by order of General Buell he was kept under guard at the hotel for about three weeks, and then turned over to the civil authorities (all rebels) who set him free on straw bail. When he went home he murdered his negro servant who got supper for Captain Markham's company the night of his capture, and then went into the rebel army.

While he was kept at the hotel in Lebanon the feeling in our regiment was very bitter against him on account of his shooting Corporal Aul, and I suppose nearly every one had said they would shoot him if they got a chance. I know I had said so; and yet before he left there I had a chance to shoot him and did not do it. It happened in this way.

During his stay there I was detailed one day with two others and a corporal to guard him.

During the day he was given the liberty to go about the hotel and yard, a guard with him, but at night he was put into a room upstairs with a door opening on to an outside porch; the guard being stationed at the head of the stairs about fifteen feet from the door of Jackson's room, with orders that if he attemped to come out to shoot him without halting. Just before I relieved the guard at 6 a. m. the next morning the corporal has told the sentinel whom I relieved that as it was getting daylight, if Jackson wanted to come out to let him come, but this order the guard failed to give me, and of course I was acting under orders to shoot without halting.

Some 15 minutes after relieving the sentinel above referred to Jackson opened the door and attempted to come out. Instantly I raised my gun to my shoulder, but I could not shoot the unarmed man before me without calling "halt" to him. He obeyed my order and I called "corporal of the guard," when he came and of course told me to let him come down and thus it was that Jackson escaped a deserved death.—Company "A," Second Minn. Vol.

The Shiloh Reunion.

The arrangements for the grand reunion of the old soldiers and their friends, both North and South, at Shiloh, April 6, are completed, and a very large attendance is assured from all parts of the country. There will be three lines of steamers go up the Tennessee river to Pittsburg Landing from Evansville, Ind., St. Louis, Mo., and Cincinnati, O. These steamers will leave their respective cities in time to reach the battlefield by Friday morning, April 6, and will furnish meals and lodgings for all that goes on them, and they will stay at the landing and furnish meals for those who go by rail also.

The railroads have all given reduced rates for this re-union. Those south of the Ohio River will give one fare for the round trip, good going April 3, 4 and 5, and good fifteen days. This will enable old soldiers to visit other battlefields in the South while down there.

All are invited to this, the first great re-union on this famous old battlefield where there was fought the first great open field battle in the West. There will be 24 directors to select and a commission to recommend to Congress.

Ohio Beats the Record.

Editor Camp Fire:—As this is my first attempt to write for the Camp Fire, I will add to the blaze a black oak rail. I read in The Blade of March 15, a record of kinship of the 91st regiment, Indiana volunteers, of 26 brothers. That put me to thinking, and I got the roster of my regiment and looked over my company, and found I could beat it by ten. Thirty-six brothers, two from thirteen families, six from two families, four from one family. Now, can any one beat that? If so, let's hear from them. I think Co. C can beat my record.—Samuel M. Spitles, Co. B, 17th Reg., O. V. V.

Unselfish.

She—What makes you happiest?

He—Kisses; and you?

She—I like to see other people happy.—Truth.

Model 35
COLUMBIA.
Price, $125.

A wheel designed for the special use of lady riders only, and equipped more fully and satisfactorily in point of guards, etc., than any other of its class. While in this particular it is brought to the standard of the splendid Columbia Model 36, it can be stripped to correspond with the lighter Model 34.

The artistic and beautiful Columbia catalogue appeals to the good taste of every woman in the land. It is free at our agencies, or mailed for two two-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO.
Boston. New York. Chicago. Hartford.

Friendly Regard is never entertained by the children for a medicine that tastes bad. This explains the popularity among

little ones of

Scott's Emulsion,

a preparation of cod-liver oil almost as palatable as milk. Many mothers have grateful knowledge of its benefits to weak, sickly children.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

The Sunday School.

Joseph Sold Into Egypt.

LESSON III., APRIL 15, 1894.

Golden Text: Ye thought evil against me: but God meant it unto good.—Gen. 50:20.

LESSON TEXT.
(Gen. 37:23-36.)

23. And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him.

24. And they took him, and cast him into a pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

25. And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

26. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?

27. Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh: and his brethren were content.

28. Then there passed by Midianites merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

29. And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes.

30. And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?

31. And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood.

32. And they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.

33. And he knew it: an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.

34. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.

35. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.

36. And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

Illustrative Applications.

When Joseph was come unto his brethren, they took him, and cast him into the pit (vs. 23, 24). Enmity between brethren is the bitterest kind of enmity. The closer men have been to each other in loving relations, the farther they remove from each other when love changes to hatred. Civil war causes intenser hostility between combatants than foreign war. And in civil war the border line of warfare marks more of bitterness than the line between the extremes. And envy and jealousy in the household incite to hatred without reason or limit.

And they sat down to eat (v. 25). It is a mistake to suppose that wrong doing necessarily disturbs the conscience of the wrong-doer. It is only the sensitive conscience that is quickly and keenly touched by a sense of guilt, or of a failure to do right. The conscience that is seared through many offenses does not wince and twinge, like one that has never been calloused in that way. The appetite for a hearty meal is more frequently destroyed in one who is trying to do just right, than in one who cares little about right and wrong. Let no man console himself with the assurance that he is right in a certain course because his conscience doesn't trouble him in the least in that line of conduct. A good appetite or an easy sleep is no sure proof of a correct purpose of heart, or of a correct decision in moral judgment.

What profit is it if we slay our brother? (v. 26). Well, that is a fair question? If men would only weigh beforehand the probable consequences of their evil-doing, they would leave a great many misdeeds unattempted. It never really pays to do wrong. Honesty is always the best policy. Sin never yet made a good bargain. A bad man is not a "smart" man in the long run. The traveler if travel through this world can be laid that if a train isn't running in the right direction, and according to the regular timetable, it will be sure to go through an open drawbridge, or off an open switch or to come in collision with a heavier train that is going right, and a fatal smash-up is the sure result. What profit is there in our doing wrong? None—while God lives. His own iniquities shall take the wicked and he shall be holden with the cords of his sin."

And I, whither shall I go? (v. 30.) That, also, is a good question—after the deed is done. The past is past. There is no use trying to undue our own or another's evil doing. It would be folly to waste time in mourning over it. There is no merit in remorse. There is no gain in regrets. The only value of recalling what is gone is in order to show us our present duty or our present needs, and to make our future course plainer and safer. The practical question is, Whither shall I go now? or, What shall I do now? It may be our duty to go and make restitution, or to go and make confession, or to turn about and go ahead in another path than the one we have pursued hitherto, or try to lessen the bad results of another's misconduct. Let us find out whither we should go—and then go.

He knew it, and said, It is my son's coat. And Jacob mourned for his son (vs. 33, 34). Our hearts are linked with our loved ones by associations with tangible and visible trifles, as truly as by spiritual and invisible ties. A lock of hair, a written page, a broken toy, or a little worn shoe, will bring back the remembered form of one dear to us as our heart's blood, and the fountain of tears will flow afresh at the sight, with its promptings of loving thoughts. The trifle is nothing in and of itself, but the love rekindled at the sight of that trifle is very much to us; and we thank God that it is so.

All his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted (v. 35). There are sorrows which no love or sympathy can remove or lighten. We are glad that others feel for us, but our hearts ache to breaking none the less for all their tenderness, and all their kindly ministry of affection. And it is always easier to break a heart than to heal one. One son can break a mother's heart. All the other sons and all the other daughters together cannot make a whole the mother's heart that is broken. God help us in making sad hearts glad! God preserve us from breaking another's heart!

I will go down to the grave to my son mourning. There are losses which can never be made good on earth. There are griefs which we are sure must remain griefs while life lasts. Looking ahead in view of them is only looking along a dark vista of gloomy years. Those who are dearer to us than life are no longer here. Life without them can never be what life was, or what life would be, with them. Well is it if we can hope to be with these dear ones at the end of life. The grave has less of terror and more of attractiveness in the thought of its reunions. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Even if the child of God must go on through life mourning to the end, there shall be joy to him when the end of life and its separation has come, and the loves of eternity are regained.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Kansan Cynicism.

By the time a man discovers that he likes the soap he is using, the brand is washed off, and he can't tell how to get the same kind next time.—Atchison Globe.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

CLOTH AND CHIFFON COMBINED.

A New and Very Effective Departure in Spring Fashions.

There is a new fashion this spring which is really delightful, according to the feminine editor of the New York World. Cloth gowns are made with a blouse waist of accordion-plaited chiffon. Cloth and chiffon is a somewhat odd combination, but the gown here illustrated shows how effective it may be.

AND THE EFFECT IS GOOD.

The dress is made of a silk and wool novelty cloth, a tan background flecked with blue. A deep flounce of Russian lace forms the only part of the petticoat that is visible. Over this the cloth is slightly draped. Pale blue chiffon, accordion-plaited, forms the blouse waist. It tucks into a broad waist band of blue velvet, below which two ripples of cloth form a typical 1804 basque.

A bolero jacket of the cloth edged with Russian lace forms part of this original bodice. Just above the elbow the puff of the sleeve is shirred a trifle, giving a pretty and new effect. The puff of the sleeve is shirred a trifle with Russian lace insertion forming the cuff.

Economy and Strength.

Valuable vegetable remedies are used in the preparation of Hood's Sarsaparilla in such a peculiar manner as to retain the full medicinal value of every ingredient. Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength and is the only remedy of which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently.

A MOST ECCENTRIC MAN.

How He Commanded the Attention of the House of Deputies.

It was in the House of Deputies at Lisbon, many years ago. There had been a debate on the budget and in the excitement many bitter words had been spoken. Among the speakers in opposition to the ministry was Vicomte Antonio de Soto Major, known at the time as the most eccentric man in Portugal, and one of the cleverest. In the course of his speech he had attacked the ministry so severely that the president of the House called him to order several times, and at last withdrew from him the privileges of the floor.

The vicomte left the chamber for a few minutes, and then returned to his seat. Rising on his feet he drew two pistols from his pocket, placed them on the desk in front of him, and then demanded recognition.

"The first pistol here," he began, "is for you, Mr. President, if you dare to call me to order again. The second is for that colleague who dares to interrupt me."

He was known to be a man of his word, and the astonished House listened to him in silence.

The vicomte died a few days ago in Stockholm, where he had been Portuguese minister for many years. He was born in 1832, and was a member of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in Portugal. He began active life as a cavalry officer, but resigned from the army after marrying a Spanish woman of wealth and beauty against the will of her family. They took up their residence in Paris, but lived in such a manner that their fortunes were soon gone. In the 50's the vicomte returned to Lisbon practically penniless, turned to journalism, and became editor of the Tribune, soon making the paper a power in the little kingdom. His newspaper connection led him into politics, and he was elected to the House of Deputies. There he became famous for his eloquence, wit and fearlessness.

On one occasion he publicly called the minister of finance a spendthrift. His excellency replied that such an accusation was hardly in place from a man who had wasted a whole fortune.

"That is not true," quickly replied Soto Major. "I have spent not only one fortune, but three, and the great difference between me, however, is that I spent my own money, while your excellency wastes the money of others."

Naturally enough the government wished to get such an opponent out of the way. To make him as harmless as possible the authorities offered him the mission to Sweden, which, almost strange to say, he accepted.

He soon became one of the most popular figures in Stockholm. Every child in the city knew the small, white-bearded diplomat, whose wit was as much admired as his collection of fossils and crayats. Even his old age he was unable to overcome the wasteful habits of his youth. Many are the stories told of him in Stockholm. Once in one of the best houses of the capital a young woman happened to drop a small coin worth not more than five cents. The vicomte opened his pocketbook, took from it a hundred crown note, and lighted it to aid the woman in her search.—New York Tribune.

Sufferers from Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should try "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," a simple but sure remedy. SOLD ONLY IN BOXES. Price 25 cents.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

We must confess that we have found
Through efforts quite sublime,
It's just as hard to be a saint
In Lent, as any time.
—Detroit Free Press.

"Herbert," she said, tenderly, "what did you do with that poetry you wrote on my birthday?"

"That stuff," he responded, with a sneer. "That wasn't poetry."

"Why, what makes you think that?"

"I got a magazine editor to accept it for publication."—Washington Post.

Mrs. Charitas—I have put $10 in this letter to the relief committee. Will you kindly post it, Charitas?

Charitas—Wouldn't it be well to notify them of the gift by another letter?

Mrs. Charitas—Yes. I shall post that myself.—Exchange.

"She can talk more gossip and scandal than any other woman in the country and how she can rake over the failings of her neighbors!"

"Does she belong to the sewing circle?"

"No; she belongs to the charity club."—New York Press.

Farmer Oatcake—If you will saw this wood I will give you a good breakfast.

Indolent Ivers—Can't saw straight.

Farmer Oatcake—There was a tramp here this morning who got a nice, warm meal for sawing that pile over there.

Indolent Ivers—Sir, you've been imposed upon; he was no tramp.—Puck.

Doctor—You gave me a bad $5 bill yesterday.

Patient—It was only a mistake. Sorry, but it's too late to rectify it now.

Doctor—Too late? What do you mean? Must I suffer from your mistake?

Patient—Why not? I have to suffer from yours. And I never knew you to take anything off from your regular fee in consequence.—Buffalo Courier.

Miss Willing (meaningly)—Do you know they are talking of putting a tax on old bachelors?

Mr. Bonder (more meaningly)—They would raise more revenue if they'd tax all the old married men who wish they were single.—Life.

Implied Doubt.

If parents remark continually on Bible reading and perfunctory Sabbath observance as a panacea for all immorality they must expect similar sentiments in their children's minds. Little Jack Kingston had been to Sunday-school for over four months, and one day came to his mother and said:

"Mamma, haven't I been a real good boy since I've been going to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother.

"And you really trust me now, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Jack."

"Well, then," retorted the incipient angel, "what makes you keep the pot of jam locked up in the cupboard, just the same as ever?"—Judge.

NONSENSE VERSES.

The night was drear, you scarce could hear,
The solemn codfish bawl;
The owl, somehow, forgot to howl,
The calf had lost its caul.

"'Tis growing cold, the stove is coaled,"
The ice man shrieked in glee.
"I'll get some ice, 'twill boil my pot,"
"Some mice," said the Chinee.

The saw-horse saw the saw fish saw
The ice and said, "That's gneiss!"
The ice man sought to cure his eyes,
He said: "My niece is nice,

"I'll take her to a town that's Nice,
Mine ice is wasting here,
I'll get my eyesight back again,
While here I only hear."

He sees the seas, and seizes hold
The rope, and down the hold
He bowled, and knocked the captain down,
Who cried, "You're over-bowled!"

"This is the Equinox," he cried,
"It knocks us equally,
'Tis noxious both to man and beast,
Such seas these seasons see."

"Let me alone," the ice man groaned;
"I'm grown afraid to pun;"
"Let you alone?" the captain cried,
"'Tis done, but I shall done."

"This bounding billow's bound to bear,
The passengers to land;
Abounding in the wealth they need,
This bill owe calls for 'sand.'

"The frances we'll frankly need in France;
Stranded we reach her strand,
Her banks can't check our cash advance;
They will not ban our land.

With health and eyesight both restored,
The niece and ice-man two,
Will hie them back from Nice to Ice,
'Tis due they thus should do.
—Nellie Lane.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
A Brain and Nerve Food,
for lecturers, teachers, students, clergymen, lawyers, and brain-workers generally.

Ocean and Railroad Freight Rates

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

COUPON NO. 3.

This week we begin printing Coupon No. 3, which will appear in every issue for April. Any present subscriber to The Blade, who sends this coupon, cut from the paper, with $1 and the name of a new subscriber, will receive the third set of four parts of that splendid art serial, "Sights and Scenes of the World."

The offer for Coupon No. 1 and No. 2 are still good, and may be availed of. We have cut down the advertisement on the 5th page, in order to economize room, as we presume the majority of our readers are familiar with it.

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

In the first issue of The Blade for April we shall begin the publication of the already announced series of papers entitled "The Foundations of Finance." We propose to show the beginning of wealth, and of its representative, money; to trace, in clear and concise language, the history of money, and of its varied substitutes, and to give in compact form, the principles which have been found sure by the experience of centuries, and on which all financial authorities are agreed. It will form an invaluable text-book on finance, and worth many times its cost to every intelligent voter. It will be absolutely non-partisan politically, and the mistakes that have been made in our national finances will be clearly pointed out, no matter what party was responsible for them. Don't fail to read the series attentively. It will be the best thing yet written on finance and its laws.

THE SEIGNIORAGE VETO.

Mr. Cleveland has had the courage to veto the Bland silver seigniorage bill, despite the fact that this action may defeat the Wilson bill in the Senate, and certainly will introduce fierce dissensions in the ranks of his own party. His reasons are sound in every respect. He finds grave objections to the language of the bill, rendering its meaning in certain portions obscure; but, aside from these, he is opposed to the principle of the bill.

He shows that it would add largely to that portion of our currency which is exclusively of silver, thus inducing doubt as to the soundness of our financial system, and perhaps causing a recurrence of the financial panic of last summer. We have already over $338,000,000 of silver certificates outstanding. These represent silver dollars lying in the treasury for their redemption, and are redeemable in nothing else. We have in circulation nearly $156,000,000 of Treasury notes of 1890, issued to buy the silver bullion under the Sherman law. These notes are legal tender for all debts, public and private, without exception, and are redeemable in gold or silver at the option of the Secretary of the Treasury. The seigniorage bill would retire these and substitute for them an equal volume of silver certificates, plus the $55,000,000 which would be issued upon the seigniorage. This would increase the volume of silver certificates outstanding from $378,000,000 to $549,000,000. It would withdraw the Treasury notes, which are considered sound by all classes of people, and substitute silver certificates, which are not legal tender, and are redeemable only in silver dollars.

The President is emphatically correct in this, as he is also that the parity between silver and gold must be maintained, and that the equal purchasing power of every dollar—gold, silver, and paper—would be imperiled by the enactment of the Bland seigniorage bill into law. "I am convinced that this scheme is ill-advised and dangerous," says he, and every one who understands the financial situation clearly will agree with him. He has done the best thing possible for the country in vetoing this measure.

The Blade believes in bimetallism; but it is certain that the only bimetallic scheme possible is that which was intended by our first coinage law, passed in April, 1792—one of the first laws enacted under the constitution. This provided for gold and silver dollars of equal market value as bullion. The gold in the gold dollar was worth no more than the silver in the silver dollar; the latter was worth just as much as the former. Now the latter is worth only half the former. We must restore the parity in bullion value before we can hope to have bimetallism.

It is now as certain as anything can be that Mr. Cleveland will never allow a free silver coinage bill at the present ratio to become a law. It is just as certain that no such bill can be passed over his veto. Hence, for three years and more, there is no possible hope for any advance along the lines the free silver men wish to move at present.

Is it not time to let reason prevail? Is it not time to abandon the effort for free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, and move on lines that will bring bimetallism? For if any future event can be certain, it is an assured fact that the free coinage of silver at the present ratio would bring us to the silver standard. No honest man can desire that. Let us work for bimetallism, on the lines of the coinage law of 1792—the bullion value of both gold and silver coins to be equal to their face value.

Lord Rosebery may not marry the Princess Maud. He does not like the idea of having a queen on his hands.

IOWA'S "MULCT TAX" LAW.

The new liquor law of Iowa, passed by the legislature recently, though called a "mulct tax" law, is really a carrying out of the principle legally operative in other states, of local option and taxation. The prohibitory law of the state remains in full force in every locality wherein the new law is not invoked by the people. Under its provisions, on the petition of a majority of the legal voters of any city of 5,000 or more inhabitants, or of 65 per cent of the voters of smaller places, liquor may be sold, each dealer to pay a "mulct tax" of $600 per year—the payment of which shall be a bar to any legal prosecutions under the prohibitory law. If the requisite number of voters do not sign the petition, the present prohibitory law remains in full force.

This is simply local option for the municipalities. Unlike the local option laws of other states, this puts upon those favoring the liquor traffic the trouble and expense of getting up the petitions—which are petitions to allow liquor-selling instead of its prohibition. The state remains prohibition, except as to the localities wherein a majority of the voters are in favor of the traffic. In these, a tax of $600 is imposed. That is all there is to the law. Each community is left free to do as the majority of its voters please. If the majority of public sentiment favors prohibition, the present law will continue in force; and, with the majority sentiment backing it, the penalties for illegal selling will doubtless be enforced strictly. On the other hand, if the majority favors liquor-selling, it will be taxed, the tax to be divided equally between the city and county in which it is collected.

The experience of Iowa with a state prohibitory law has been that it was well enforced in the rural districts and small towns, but never in the larger cities, especially along the eastern border of the state. The law could not be enforced, for the sentiment of the majority of the people of these places was against it. The traffic went on uninterruptedly in holes and corners and in drug-stores, and the most earnest efforts of the friends of prohibition were ineffective.

As a consequence of the enactment of the "mulct-tax" law, the traffic in these places will be allowed upon payment of the tax. The net result is, there will be no real change in the status; liquor will be sold where it has always been sold, and none where none has hitherto been sold. The new law simply accepts the situation as it has really existed for years; the drinking of liquor will not be increased, there will not be a single new saloon established in places opposed to the traffic. As the Des Moines Register puts it frankly, things will go very much as they have gone on in the past, "only we will have less hypocrisy and more regulation, truer temperance and better morals."

The saloon is not licensed, but taxed. It does not exist as a creation of the law, but the selling and drinking of liquor is recognized as existing, as other evils exist, and like them incapable of entire suppression in the present state of public opinion on the question. With all our boasted civilization, the mere enactment of a law will not destroy the vicious tendencies inherent in men. You cannot kill the desire to drink by statute; and so long as there is this desire in a large number of men, so long will there be men willing to gratify it, whether legal or not.

The Blade has constantly advocated the common-sense view that the masses of the people must be educated up to the point where they will be willing to abandon entirely the use of liquor. Then they will be ready to join in the enforcement of restrictive or prohibitory laws. Until the majority of men in any community are educated up to that point, the sale of liquor, whether by illicit means or not, will continue. It is easy to thunder denunciations from a platform, and to pose before people as a reformer; but the cause of temperance needs the far harder but far more useful work of education among the masses. Until this is done, complete success can not crown the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE NEW CHINESE TREATY.

The negotiation of a new treaty with China is arousing popular interest once more in the so-called "Chinese question." It will assuredly be strongly opposed on the Pacific coast, where the numbers of the Chinese are greatest. It prohibits the immigration of Chinese laborers into the United States for a period of ten years, require registration of those now here but with the photographic identification requirement omitted; allows all laborers already here to go to China and return, who have a wife, child or parent residing here, or property or debts due to the amount of $1,000. And the registration requirement applies to all American laborers in China the same as to Chinese here.

Were the people any but Chinese, the provisions could be considered amply severe to achieve the desired end—to put a stop to further immigration. But with these people, it will not accomplish that. The Six Companies are more powerful than the Chinese imperial government, so far as this illegal immigration is concerned. It may make its treaty in all good faith, but the greed of the Six Companies will nullify the treaty provisions. Forged certificates and all other needed paraphernalia of fraud will be used. They have been able to defy all laws for Chinese exclusion so far, even the Geary act; and the new treaty will enable them to do it with more boldness and impunity.

Hence the real question which the Senate will have to decide when it comes to discuss the treaty will be, shall we open the doors to practically unrestricted Chinese immigration, or shall we not? The treaty will do this. If we wish to keep the Chinese out, we must begin by sending away those already here. The experience of the past shows this. The most stringent laws have so far failed to keep out these swarming heathen. So long as any are allowed to remain here, so long more will came. The discussion thus becomes a vital one, especially to the Pacific coast states.

The humbug of Chinese Sunday schools is getting shown up pretty clearly. In Chicago the slant-eyed Mongols made love so persistently to the young lady teachers that the classes were put in charge of discreet matrons. In New Haven the Chinese have boycotted the Sunday school which they attended simply because a police sergeant whose wife was a teacher raided one of their gambling houses and arrested over sixty fantan players.

Rebellion always was rampant in South Carolina.

THE BIMETALLISM OF THE CONSTITUTION.

It is time that the people of the United States shall demand real bimetallism.

It is time that we shall return to the common-sense rule of the coinage act of 1792, one of the earliest laws passed by the First Congress, after the adoption of the constitution.

What is that rule?

That the gold dollar and the silver dollar shall each contain as much bullion as will sell for one dollar in the markets of the world; and

That the minting of the coin is but a governmental certification of weight and fineness.

That coinage law of 1792 established a ratio of 15 1-2 parts by weight of silver to one of gold. Why?

Because that was the market ratio of the two metals as bullion, as nearly as could be ascertained.

Our coinage was at the ratio of 15 1-2 to 1 for over forty years. Then the coinage ratio was changed to 16 parts by weight of silver to 1 of gold.

Why?

Because the market values of the two metals, as bullion, had changed and 16 to 1 expressed the market ratio.

The market ratio to-day is about 32 to 1. Yet we have men who are urging the free coinage of silver at the old ratio of 16 to 1.

Why did the fathers of the republic make the market ratio and coinage ratio identical? Why did they not insist on a ratio of 7 of silver to 1 of gold?

Because they understood clearly that the purchasing power of a coin which is made unlimited legal tender must depend on the value of the bullion in it; and they desired a bimetallic basis, not a monometallic one. Hence they ordained that both the gold and the silver dollar should contain their face value in bullion, and so fixed the ratio at 15 1-2 to 1.

The Congress of 1834 recognized the same fact when they altered the ratio to 16 to 1.

But here comes the objection—one of ignorance, by the way—that the silver dollar to-day buys just as much as the gold dollar, and passes just as readily, though it contains less than 50 cents' worth of bullion.

The explanation is easy. It is because the government is pledged to maintain their parity. It receives both silver and gold dollars at their face value for all public dues. This of itself would not prevent the depreciation of the silver dollar; but added to this is the fact that, by two exchanges, silver dollars can be redeemed at their face value in gold. This is the operation, and it is resorted to frequently in financial business:

Greenbacks are redeemable in gold; the Treasury notes of 1890 are redeemable in either gold or silver, at the option of the Secretary of the Treasury. A man having a thousand silver dollars can get them exchanged at the sub-Treasury in New York, for instance, for either greenbacks or Treasury notes of 1890. He can then take these notes, demand and get gold for them. Thus, through these two exchanges, silver dollars are practically redeemed in gold by the United States.

There are very few gold monometallists in the United States. The East is largely bimetallic. But they favor true bimetallism—the bimetallism established by Congress in 1792, when it made a coinage law which required both the gold dollar and the silver dollar to contain a dollar's worth of bullion; in the bimetallism of the Congress of 1834, which, because the market ratio of the metals had changed, promptly changed the coinage ratio to agree with it.

If the friends of silver in the West will support the bimetallic principles of 1792 and 1834, they will find the great states of the East heartily with them.

Why not drop the idea of coinng 48 cents' worth of silver, calling it a dollar, and hoping to have its purchasing power maintained at a dollar?

Why not put our coinage on a safe and sure foundation by going back to the principle of our coinage laws from 1792 to 1873?

If there is any good and sufficient reason, The Blade will be glad to hear it.

CLEVELAND SNUBS THE CHILDREN

The children of Washington city are mournfully indignant at the President. For many years the White House grounds have been open to all the little ones on Easter Monday, for the peculiar ceremony of "egg-rolling." The Marine band has furnished the music for the thousands of happy children, while thousands of their elders flocked thither to witness the annual scene of childish pleasure. The boorish autocrat of the White House, however, dislikes this, and proposed to stop it this year. The pleadings of the superintendent of the grounds prevailed on him, however, and he gave a grudging consent, with the proviso that the Marine band should not play, and that the pleasant and unique observance must be stopped forever hereafter. It is hard to understand the nature of a man like this. One would suppose that his two children would soften his heart to all childhood, and lead him to sympathize with its innocent pleasures; but Mr. Cleveland don't seem to be built on that plan.

Representative Outhwaite touched the heart of the matter when, referring to Coxey's tramp army and its purpose, he said: "If from 10,000 to 50,000 men can intimidate Congress to do one thing, then another 10,000 to 50,000 can intimidate it to do another thing. The result would be anarchy."

The funny thing about the tariff debate in the Senate is that a number of Democratic senators think that a policy which is a good thing for their constitutents is such a very bad thing for the whole country.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Toledo Daily Blade, April 2.

To-day is the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, which event took place April 2, 1743. Every patriotic American has ample cause to commemorate it, for Jefferson was one of the leading statesmen from troubled period anterior to the Revolution, through that struggle, the adoption of the consutition, and on until his retirement from the Presidential chair. He was a member of the Virginia assembly when the measures were debated which resulted in the calling of the Continental Congress. He was sent as one of Virginia's delegates to the latter, was chairman of the committee to which was committed the drafting of the Declaration of Independence—the draft of which was presented to Congress in his own handwriting, and which immortal document gained

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

much through Jefferson's keen intellect and incisive mode of expression. He was governor of Virginia during the Revolution, and was sent as minister to France in 1784. Returning, he became Washington's first secretary of state, vice president in 1797, and President in 1800. The purchase of Louisiana was the most important event of his administration—so important, indeed, that it changed the whole current of history on the North American continent.

Great as were the services for which Jefferson has received the honor of the American people, there is one, really greater, which comparatively few recognize at its true value. We refer to the influence he had in molding our constitutional form of government. A government resting upon the will of the people is necessarily a compromise. During the years of debate ending in the adoption of the federal constitution, there developed two schools of thought. The first, remembering the endless disputes between the jealous colonies under the Confederation, and the weakness of Congress at critical periods of the Revolutionary struggle, favored a strong federal government. The other, born of jealous colonial feeling, favored a general government with very restricted powers, carefully defined, and the rights of the states carefully guarded. Jefferson was an extremist. Of aristocratic birth, he was an extreme Republican, tinctured with the radical views of the French revolutionists. He hated display and pomp, and carried his ideas of stern simplicity so far as to object to even the title of "Mr." This was, of course, a French idea. The revolutionists there, it will be remembered, addressed each other only by the appellation "Citizen," so bitterly were they opposed to all titles savoring in the least of aristocratic and monarchial institutions.

Jefferson's influence, then, as an extremist on the side of state rights, operated to check the strong tendency, born of the weakness of the Confederation, in favor of a strong, centralized federal government; and the result was a compromise on the admirable federal system, which, while not without its faults, has made our government a splendid combination of pliability and resistance, and give it perpetuity thereby. For this we may thank Jefferson. There were many contradictory elements in his character, of which the contrast between his aristocratic mode of life and stern democratic theories was only one instance. Though a large slaveholder, he labored for the suppression of the slave trade, the exclusion of slavery from the Northwest territory, and advocated emancipation in Virginia. His state rights' ideas led to Calhounism, and that to secession; yet Jefferson would have been the last to favor the extreme doctrines of the men who claimed him as the father of their political faith.

THE ARMOR PLATE FRAUD.

Cleveland's treatment of the Carnegie Steel company, in the matter of the armor plate frauds, is utterly indefensible. As the executive of the government, he should have insisted on a most searching investigation, and the punishment of all concerned in the swindling affair. But he did not do this. He did not even give proper support to the secretary of the Navy, who assessed the penalty. This the President cut down to $150,000, and then called everything square. And this in the face of the proof that a course of deception concerning these plates had been pursued by the company for many months, and that the employes of the company clearly shown to be concerned therein were not discharged.

There is but one explanation which will fit the facts. Andrew Carnegie went to Washington, and had conferences with the Secretary of the Navy and the President. From there he went to New York, whence he sailed for Europe in a few days. Just previous to sailing he sent a long letter to the New York Tribune in which he urged the necessity of passing the Wilson bill, on the plea that the stagnation of business will last until the tariff question is settled, and that it would be better for all concerned to pass the low tariff measure and have done with it. This complete change of front surprised everybody. Taken in connection with the armor plate affair, it appears probable that the letter was the price paid for the surprisingly lenient treatment received at the hands of the President.

It is a shame to the nation that there are on the files of the Pension office more than half a million claims which have never been reached by the examiners. The statistics show that the death-rate among the veterans is about 35 per thousand. Hence, about 17,500 of these claimants answer the last roll-call every year, thus relieving the present Democratic administration of the, to it, repugnant task of doing justice to the old soldiers.

Mr. Cleveland took the limit on his veto.

WHO WANTS FIVE DOLLARS?

We will be under great obligations if our readers will kindly write and tell us in their opinion,

HOW THE CIRCULATION OF THE WEEKLY BLADE CAN BE INCREASED

in their neighborhood. We will pay $5 for the best and most practical new idea. Address all letters on the subject to

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT,
THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE INDIAN RUPEE.

It seems to us that the New York Recorder ought to have more regard concerning its own reputation for accuracy and fairness than to make statements like the following:

As silver continues to decline, India will continue to receive an increased price per bushel for her wheat, and the quantity she exports will also increase.

Why will this be so?

Simply because there has been no decline in the purchasing power of the rupee in India. The rupee will purchase as much of labor and of everything else in India to-day as it ever would, although its bullion value is but 23 cents.

The entire quotation is false in every statement, and it is hard to understand why the Recorder is not better informed. The purchasing power of the silver rupee, which is the unit of value in India, has been steadily falling for some time—at first slowly, then more rapidly. The first protest came from the Englishmen in the Indian service—civil and military. They received the same number of rupees salary, but it would not buy as much. This decline in purchasing power kept on until it began seriously to derange business. A year ago, and more, there were energetic representations made to the government, and it was petitioned to adopt some measure of relief. This pressure of the public demand became so great that the Indian mints were closed to free coinage, and an attempt was made to hold the rupee at an arbitrary value in exchange between London and India—an attempt that failed, of course, as all attempts at creating values by fiat must fail. The rupee will not buy as much of anything to-day as ever it would. It will decline in purchasing power until it passes at its bullion value.

The exportation of India wheat increases, because it costs less to produce than does the wheat of our own Western states. Ryots, at a few cents a day, with only a few pieces of cotton cloth for clothing, and subsisting on rice, furnish cheaper labor than that of our American farmers. Indian wheat can be laid down in English seaports at a price which we can not meet, yet which yields its producer a profit.

Japan is having the same experience with her silver dollar, or yen, as India with the rupee. The Japanese yen is of the same fineness as our standard dollar, and weighs 416 grains, while our dollar weighs only 412 1-2 grains. But 100 silver yen now buy only as much as 61 1-4 gold yen. The silver yen has depreciated until its purchasing power is very near its bullion value. Meanwhile, the merchants are beginning to grow restive over the outflow of gold coin from Japan. Over two-thirds of the gold coinage minted has been exported. Gresham's law is operating there, as it does everywhere under like conditions. These facts concerning Japanese currency are from an official report from the British legation in Japan to the home government at London, just issued.

PARALYZED BUSINESS.

With a persistence worthy of a better cause, the free trade organs are endeavoring to persuade the people that the times are not really so very hard. Whenever a mill or a mine or a factory which has been idle for months again resumes work, the fact is bruited abroad as a proof that "business is reviving." But they fail to tell at the same time of the establishments which close down. The resumptions, are, we are glad to say, usually more in number each week than the suspensions; but this does not show a general revival of business and industry.

Dun & Co's. mercantile report, a week ago, clearly stated what the actual situation is. Production, what there is of it, goes on at the cheapest prices ever known. "As old stocks give out, orders for replenishment are first for cheaper goods than have before been chosen, traders therein representing consumers, who are compelled or desire to live more cheaply. Then the quantites ordered are so much smaller than the industries are accustomed to supply, and so far below the capacity of the works, that the competition drives prices in each grade down to or below actual cost, squeezing out profits or forcing down wages. Yet the profit and the wages are the fund from which future purchases for consumption must be made.

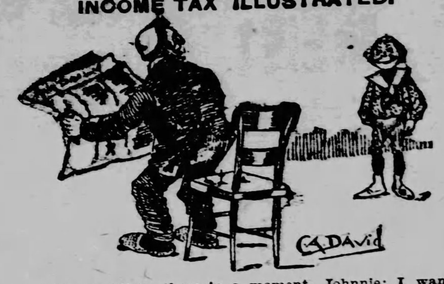
"It is under such conditions more works are going into operation, many with a doubt how long they will be made to operate. Thus the measure of resumption by works or hands or hours of labor is not a measure of the revival of business, either as to quantity or value of goods distributed. Prices of commodities are, on the whole, the lowest of which there is any record, having declined 1.2 per cent in March, and averaging 11.3 per cent lower than a year ago, so more than a third in the decrease in volume of all payments is due to decline in the prices of things consumed."

The people who think tariff reduction will not affect them because they are not engaged in so-called "protected" industries, will learn by dear experience their mistake. One would hardly think the business depression in Northern industrial centers (caused by the fear of low tariff legislation) could affect Florida farmers, but it does. Oranges are absurdly cheap in Florida now, and part of the crop was not picked for market because of the small demand. The mechanics of Northern cities are, in good times, large consumers of oranges, but this season hard times have made the fruit a luxury, and the rigid economy of workingmen has been disastrously felt all over the orange-growing regions of this country.

Judge Charles D. Long, of Michigan, whose pension has been an especial object of attack by Commissioner Lochren, will be a candidate for Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., at the national encampment this summer at Pittsburg. The Michigan comrades are much wrought up over the assaults made upon him, and are said to be solidly in favor of his candidacy.

Mr. Crisp will probably be sorry he did not accept the Senatorial job.

INCOME TAX ILLUSTRATED.



Father—Tell ma I'll be there in a moment, Johnnie; I want to investigate the—

Income tax.

CLEVELAND A FAILURE.

The April Forum opens with a very vigorous article, signed "An Independent," which is entitled "Mr. Cleveland's—Failure?" This caption would have been stronger and in exact accord with the facts of the case had the dash and the interrogation mark both been omitted. That Cleveland's second administration is a failure, at least so far, does not admit of question. No man who has intelligently followed public events since March 4 of last year, has any doubt of it.

The article, as may be surmised, while frankly admitting Mr. Cleveland's grosser errors, gives him praise wherever possible. An instance of this is in regard to his calling Congress in extra session to repeal the Sherman silver law. In bringing this about the Forum writer thinks the President "did one of the most conspicuous public services that stand to the credit of any of our statesmen," considering the fact that he had on his hands "a Congress of his own party besotted with ignorance of the fundamental facts about finance, fanatical, unreasoning, believing a lie." While we are quite willing to give due credit to Cleveland for being on the right side for once, the Forum writer should remember that he wavered, and allowed Democratic Congressional leaders to talk to him of a compromise—when there was no compromise possible that would not have left a pathway to inflation open. It was only the tremendous pressure of educated public opinion that held him in line, and thus secured the result which he asked in his message to the extra session.

Beyond this, a perusal of the Forum article shows that the writer feels in his heart that Cleveland has been a failure. He enumerates as condemnatory the absurd appointment of Gresham to the Cabinet; the intolerable and unpatriotic blundering in the Hawaiian matter; the allowing Quincy to fill consulships with absolutely unfit men, simply as rewards for partisan service, in defiance of the alleged civil service reform tendencies of the executive; the stupid mingling of national politics with a Democratic factional fight in New York, thus bringing on the disgraceful episodes of the Hornblower and Peckham nominations. Finally, his utter failure to hold the Democratic leaders to a consistent policy as to a tariff bill, and the possible defeat of tariff legislation by the present Congress, forms a formidable count in the indictment.

The Forum writer admits the result has been that the Democratic party, intoxicated with power, "has slid down from the level of the heroic mood of the whole people to the level of the New York machine which is today giving its influence to the protectionists in the Senate in return for votes that have been given to punish Mr. Cleveland." But it may well be doubted whether any man, no matter how great a political idol he might be, could hold together the discordant factions which make up the Democratic party of this country, after it was placed in power. With a record of thirty years spent in opposing the constructive legislation and policy of the Republicans, stupidly taking the opposite side on any and every measure, without knowing or caring which were better for the country, with its real majority in 1891 made up of rabid theorists and impractical visionaries, it was impossible that the Democracy should achieve power without each faction rushing its particular fad to the front and demanding Congressional action thereon.

It is this which has destroyed the Democratic party, and which would have destroyed it had Cleveland's course been that of a statesman instead of that of a dull, obstinate man, whose dearest wish is to have his own way, no matter who opposes him. His bitterest enemies are in his own party, and he can never regain the hold he once possessed. His political career is ended forever when he leaves the White House.

"PRAISE YE THE LORD."

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an unique story, which teaches a lesson concerning congregational singing in churches. It is splendidly told, and is a somewhat peculiar vein. Every reader should not fail to read it carefully, for it is one of the best things of the sort we have ever seen. It was written expressly for The Blade by "the organist of Happy Valley."

The present administration has committed so many blunders, and its course in Hawaii has been so unpatriotic, that it is pleasant to learn that the ordering of Admiral Walker to Honolulu is to check the British machinations there. Assurances come from both the State and Navy departments that the islands shall not pass under foreign control. Every American who realizes the importance of Hawaii as the "cross-roads of the Pacific," and the intense desire of Great Britain to possess it, so as to complete her line of outposts around this country, will rejoice that the administration has at last awakened to a sense of its duty.

Admiral Benham goes to Bluefields with the full expectation of the people of this country that he will sustain the reputation he made in Rio harbor.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the seventh page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

MCKINLEY AT MINNEAPOLIS.

The speech of Governor McKinley at Minneapolis on the evening of March 28 was the opening gun of the Congressional campaign of 1894. It was delivered in response to an invitation of the Republican League of Minnesota, in the same vast hall wherein the Governor presided over the Republican national convention two years ago. Within these two years, what changes have come as the result of political action! The unreasoning feeling of discontent and childish desire for a "change," which had for years been fostered by the Democratic party, led to a Democratic triumph at the polls that fall. The farmers, the workingmen, who voted with that party got a "change" with a vengeance. The results McKinley and other Republican leaders had foretold all came to pass. Democratic supremacy was understood to mean a low-tariff law, and every industrial establishment, every merchant and business man, began to prepare for the change in our economic system. The business depression came as a result; and already the mistaken ones who went rainbow chasing with the Democrats are convinced of their blunder, and eagery awaiting an opportunity to repair it.

Governor McKinley's address at Minneapolis was based upon the present depression and its causes. He summarized the history of our tariff legislation since we have been a nation, and showed clearly from the record that prosperity has always been the result of a protective policy; stagnation, industrial distress and low wages that of a low tariff one. His historical argument was of the nature of a mathematical demonstration that the same effect has followed the same cause throughout our economic history, and that the present experience is but a repetition of what has before happened. He augured hopefully from the manifest impatience of the people to have an opportunity at the polls to repudiate the Democratic party and its pernicious cardinal doctrine. This impatience, he well said, was because "it has been demonstrated that the success of one party or the other means all the difference betwen national happiness and prosperity and national discontent and distress." The firt opportunity will be at the Congressional elections this year. Hence, we share the confidence of Governor McKinley that the next House will have a sweeping Republican majority, and the Democracy's power for evil in national legislation be destroyed after March 4, 1895.

The annual convention of the Republican National League meets at Denver on June 26, and ends with a grand celebration of the Fourth of July. We are glad this national Republican gathering will be held there. It will broaden the Colorado Republicans to meet their brethren from other sections, and find that there are other issues vital to the people beyond their free silver heresy.

There are on file at Washington claims amounting to $75,000,000 against the government. They are war claims from the South, without a shadow of right or justice to sustain them. They are liable to stay on file a good many years before anything is realized from them.

Gov. Tillman needs a bracer out of the state bottle.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Baroness James de Rothschild is a lover of art, and contributed some Venetian scenes to the recent water color exhibition in Paris.

Linen and duck dresses are to be popular again this year. They are made in the coat and skirt style, and worn with vests and shirts.

The Countess of Aberdeen has made arrangements to continue the sale of the goods exhibited and sold at the Irish village last summer.

"Why not a woman?" Lady Henry Somerset rises to ask. She wants to know why women are never remembered in the distribution of decorations, peerages, and so on.

Perhaps it would be as well for their mothers to go off for a little trip somewhere. Mrs. Crackenthorpe, who first raised "The Revolt of the Daughters," appears the cry in the Nineteenth Century for March.

A new kind of crepe moire is being used in Paris for Easter ball gowns, and is often lavishly embroidered with spangles. "Moire arabesque" is another new variety which makes very effective coats.

There are perceptible changes in riding habits as well as more elaborate gowns, and this year the skirts are lengthened to cover the boots. The coats are full over, and the lapels are narrower and are reaching almost to the waist. Russian goat's melton is the favorite cloth now in use for these dresses.

Turquoise is one of the fashionable colors in millinery, and appears in the form of a butterfly bow on a black and white bonnet. Another all black straw bonnet is embroidered in turquoises and jet. A wide turquoise-hued velvet bow, drawn through a long narrow Rhinestone buckle, is a very effective hat trimming.

The exquisite elegance of the new silk hosiery is tempting enough to bankrupt the most resolute woman's allowance. Black silk stockings have Chantilly lace insertion up the front, and daintily embroidered cream white ones have lace inserted down up the side, while between these subdued colors there is every variety of fantastic design interwoven in color with black.

Empress Eugenie seems to be playing the role of the fairy godmother, but it is to be feared that she cannot hold out very long at the present high rate of generosity. She has given a marriage portion of 150,000 to the Princess Eugenie, the second daughter of Prince Charles Bonaparte, the duke of Prince De Faleine Massino, and now she has given another 150,000 to Princess Eugenie's sister, Princess Marie, the wife of M. Henri Gotta.

Lady Butler, who is better known in this country as Elizabeth Thompson, the painter of the famous "Roll Call," is doing at Aldershot what Detaille and Gen. Sir William Butler, and their five children. Lady Butler is painting a picture for the Royal Academy, the subject being Waterloo. It would be rather interesting to have her views on the woman question, for she has a husband, five children, and immense success can keep Lady Butler from her art, and any one of the three is considered unfavorable to real progress.

The fickle Goddess of Fashion almost declares that short women are to have an inning and become the regnant fad for a season. Tall women have had their day, and must stand aside while their short sisters rear their heads as best they can. Just how the tall girls are to become fashionable under this decree is a problem hard to solve, perhaps, as how short ones are to be made tall. But all this is very disheartening after years of athletic energie to gain the required height, which may not be compressed for fashion's whim.

Now that spring has come with its wealth of blossoms, the custom of wearing them is increasing. Not very long ago it was considered bad taste to wear natural flowers, but some gracious lover of their beauty and fragrance has originated the idea of wearing a floral token of their favorite flower. And now the strife is to find the wherewithal to pay for the flowers to wear. If they are too cheap they smell of "vulgarity," so it is only by paying high prices that one can indulge in the real luxury of the season.

Miss Eugenia Washington is the secretary of the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution. She was elected to that office presumably on account of her name, for she does not display any peculiar fitness for it, and has a voice which makes the long roll call of the society a thing of penance to her hearers. In reading her report at the recent convention, Miss Washington intended to say that the members of the society should try to be worthy of their ancestors, but she unwittingly said "descendants" instead. As she is a maiden lady in good and regular standing the laughter was loud and long.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Dr. Quintard, of France, has invented a delicate surgical instrument for gauging the trembling of nervous people.

The President drinks his breakfast coffee from a cup that is worth $100. The china set of which it is a part was made to order for the White House at a cost of $5,000.

It is now claimed that the first woman to practice law in the courts of this country was Miss Arabella A. Mansfield, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, who passed a successful examination for admission to the bar in 1869.

Yates Thompson, known as the most energetic man in England when he controlled the Pall Mall Gazette, now wants to enlarge Westminster Abbey, and has offered to subscribe $200,000 for an additional chapel.

Rev. Thomas T. Stone, D. D., who is now residing in Middlesex county, Massachusetts, recently completed his ninety-third year. He is the oldest living graduate of Bowdoin college, Maine, and has served 70 years in the ministry.

In announcing that another effort would be made to elect Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson as permanent pastor of the Metropolitan tabernacle, London, the British Weekly remarks that "the difficulty as to his ecclesiastical position has been removed, as he has been immersed."

At one of the English drawing rooms last year the heat and crowd were so great that the vice queen, Princess Christian, fainted her duties in an almost fainting condition. To prevent any such disastrous result again the number of presentations this spring is to be limited to 200 at each reception.

Rev. Dr. Holmes, medical attendant of one of the American consuls in Persia, was recently summoned by telegraph to attend the Ameri Nizan, governor of Kurdistan. Mrs. Holmes, who is also a physician, accompanied her husband. The answer sent an expensive retinue to escort them, and the Holmeses expect to be absent for two weeks.

Lord Rosebury has become a milkman, one of the most extensive in London, but he does not have his name on his milk wagons, as Lord Rayleigh does, preferring to carry on the trade under the names of his managers. Two other peers who turn an honest penny the same way are Lords Londonderry, retail coal, and Portsmouth, fruit and garden truck.

Arthur C. Massey is a sample of how rapidly foreigners advance in Tammany politics. Mr. Massey is an Englishman, 46 years of age, who ten years ago arrived in Philadelphia fresh from England. He went to New York in 1887, the same year he became a member of the Tammany committee on organization. For four years past he has been one of the high rulers in Tammany.

Count Caprivi, the German chancellor, has very few attendants—a single bodyguard and a couple of unofficial capabilities. He rises at 6 to dress in uniform. At 7 comes a cup of tea, and with it the morning papers. Then he takes a ride. The return is at 10, when he dispatches correspondence and gives interviews. Lunch is served at the German hour, 12:15. The interval between 1 and 5 is devoted to the state, and at 6 comes dinner, a meal epicurean by the absence of ladies and a gorgeous variety of uniforms. The count does not work in the evening. He has one hobby—gardening, and can console himself in any disappointment by contemplating his fine cabbage and superb dahlias.

PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

Mr. Brander Matthews is at work upon a novel of New York life.

David Christie Murray in a recent address contends that the drama is not an art, but a trade. The ability of making faculty is the one sign of ability.

President Harper of the University of Chicago denies the published statement attributed to him that "the story of the murder of Abel by his brother Cain is a myth."

Dean Wayland of the Yale Law School says there is no truth in the report that Mr. Edward J. Phelps intends to resign his professorship of equity and international law.

W. W. Story, the American sculptor, whose home is in Rome, is about to sue for an additional fee of $20,000 due on his statue of Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Representative Walker of Massachusetts has put new life into the obscure committee on Ventilation and Accounts by originating a system of improving the atmosphere of the House.

Some Kentucky admirers of ex-Speaker Reed have presented the Maine man with a polished hickory cane, gold mounted in exquisite style. It is inscribed with the recipient's name and the motto "Aut Caesar aut nullus."

Professor George Martin Lane, who has just retired on account of his advanced age from the professorship in Latin in Harvard, is famous as one of the greatest Latin scholars of the day and as the author of that pathetic ballad, "The Lone Fish Ball."

Senator Vance has a general sympathy in his illness, for he is a great favorite at Washington as well as in his own state. The South has produced few better stump speakers, and like Lincoln he has at his tongue's end a load of good stories to interest his audiences.

Mr. Lease, husband of Mrs. Lease, has lost his job as manager of a drug store in Wichita. Mrs. Lease owns a handsome house in a fashionable part of the city, and Mr. Lease, assisted by two elderly women servants, devotes his time to looking after the property.

Announcement Extraordinary!

THE BLADE ALWAYS LEADS!

Here is Something That Will Interest Every Reader of This Paper.

Greatest Literary Feature of The Year.

It affords The Blade great pleasure to announce that it has secured for its readers the most remarkable literary feature ever given to the people of the United States.

We have just completed arrangements for a series of original, illustrated articles, by twenty-six of the MOST FAMOUS LIVING WRITERS.

These articles, secured at great expense, will be copyrighted, and can not be used by other papers after their publication in The Blade. They will make a feature that will add immensely to the already great popularity of the famous old Toledo Blade.

Here is the list of authors who will contribute this remarkable series to The Blade:

ALPHONSE DAUDET,
The famous French novelist.

EUGENE FIELD,
The clever poet and story teller.

RIDER HAGGARD,
The great sensationalist.

GEN. O. O. HOWARD,
The popular war author.

DONALD G. MITCHELL,
Who will write a "Reverie."

WHITELAW REID,
The editor of the Tribune.

H. C. BUNNER,
Well known as Puck's humorist.

E. C. STEDMAN,
The famous Poet-Banker.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON,
Writer of war stories.

MARY E. WILKINS,
The favorite New England novelist.

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Of the famous "Atlantic" coterie.

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England's popular novelist.

"OUIDA,"
The fascinating story teller.

FLORENCE WARDEN,
The genius of mystery.

EMILE ZOLA,
France's exponent of realism.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY,
Our own Hoosier poet.

GILBERT PARKER,
The clever writer.

AMELIA E. BARR,
Novelist and essayist.

"THE DUCHESS,"
The charming novelist.

THOMAS HARDY,
England's great story writer.

HAMLIN GARLAND,
The brilliant author of short tales.

CONAN DOYLE,
The creator of Sherlock Holmes.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS,
The literary miniaturist.

Never before has any one paper secured at one time such a galaxy of brilliant writers.

The Blade takes great pride in making this announcement, and feels sure that the approval of its friends will amply recompense it for the great expense incurred.

The series will begin in April, at a date to be soon announced.

OUR WATCH OFFER WITHDRAWN.

We have discontinued the arrangement whereby we furnished watches, and hereby withdraw the offer. Do not send any more orders for watches, as we will not fill them.

We think that all who desired watches under any of the various offers made are supplied. We shall probably, some time next fall, make a series of new offers, of an entirely different character, to those who may then desire watches; but until we make proper announcement, no watch orders should be sent us.

Publishers' Column.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.

The "mackintosh"—a thin cloth coat impervious to rain—is universally used abroad as an overcoat for winter, spring and autumn. It is infinitely superior in wet weather to the ordinary "rubber" coats, clammy and cold.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality so far as appearances go and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $16 to $35; but one of the American manufacturers has agreed to sell nsigle coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand, and this reduction brings the cost

of an excellent coat to about one-half the usual retail price. The offer is limited to two colors and two grades, and to sizes (bust measurement) ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches. Each coat is fifty-three inches long, with a detachable cape twenty-four inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid. They are made of fine materials and in the best manner. They will not grow hard or stiff, and are first-class in every respect.

The dark-blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office n the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in Inveress shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the

arms and buttoning in front. This cape is prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth. They are carefully stitched and thoroughly vulcanized, so they are unaffected by any climate.

We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is the length wanted down the back, from the neck. They are made 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs by express, and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $5.95. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

It is only after careful consideration and thoroughly testing the machine, that we arranged to offer our subscribers the BLADE WASHER. Thousands have been made and sold in Northwestern Ohio and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this machine is $7. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade on year, for only $5.00; or we will ship a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire club of ten to be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated and shipped by freight, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver, the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scured with sand, or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made only in the two patterns. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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No intelligent person can afford to be without an Encyclopaedia. It is a library in itself. You can find therein what you want to know upon all facts pertaining to the domain of History, Biography, Chemistry, Religion, Geography, Literature, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Agriculture, and in fact the entire cycle of the arts and sciences. It stands in the same relation to all departments of human knowledge as Webster's Dictionary does to the English language. To possess a good Encyclopaedia puts in your hands the power to reach facts on any given topic within a minute's time.

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A SORRY REMNANT.

O, I'm the battered Wilson bill;
I've been ripped up the back until
I'm scarcely recognizable, I've been so pulled about.
Since all at me have had a fling
I feel I'm quite another thing,—
I'm like the play of "Hamlet" is, with Hamlet's part left out.

They gouged me here, they gouged me there,
They rudely grabbed me by the hair;
Still others punched me in the ribs and made me gasp for breath;
My features all are disarranged,
I'm ripped and turned and sadly changed;
They've hauled and worried me till I'm amended 'most to death.

Now when I view myself and see
How they've abused and battered me,
Until I'm sick and lame and blind and awfully forlorn,
I sigh in myself and say,
"I wish my corpse they'd lay away,
It surely was a great mistake that I was ever born."

A Suggestion.

He—I've often wished I had a sister.
She—Why don't you propose to some nice girl?—Truth.

THEY MANAGE ESTATES

MEN OF GREAT ABILITY OF WHOM VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN.

Their Method of Work Much the Same in All Cases—Large Fortunes That Increase Their Yearly Value

Many of the managers of large estates of the country are young men. This is especially true in New York. There is the estate of Jay Gould. It is estimated at $100,000,000. The annual income is $4,040,000, yet George Gould handles it with apparent ease in connection with his various railroads and other interests. It is true, in managing the estate, he is really looking after his own business. Still, he has an individual fortune, in addition to his share in what his father left, of at least $20,000,000. He is scrupulously careful to separate his individual interests from those of the estate. He is more cautious in the investment of the estate's money than with his own.

One of the largest estates in the country is that of the late Moses Taylor. It amounts to over $50,000,000. The annual income is $2,500,000, and every day the

GEORGE GOULD.

estate gets $6,849. Mr. Taylor invested his money in all parts of the country and in all sorts of securities. When he died, however, leaving $40,000,000 of the total to his widow, Mrs. Catherine William Taylor, he appointed his grandson, Moses Taylor Pyne, his executor. Young Pyne is this side of forty. He has had a busy career. He graduated from Princeton college in 1877. He was afterwards admitted to the New York bar. He had not been practicing but a few years when he was appointed general solicitor of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad. It was a very responsible position, but he filled it capably and satisfactorily. He has large offices on Wall street and finds his time fully occupied in taking care of his grandfather's estate.

The estates of Robert and Ogden Goelet aggregate together $45,000,000. They yield an annual joint income of $2,250,000. These estates are managed mostly by two firms of lawyers and it is said one firm finds the occupation profitable enough to warrant almost sole attention to its details.

Isaac M. Singer, the inventor of a famous sewing machine, left an estate valued at $30,000,000. It was left to the widow and daughters. The daughters have married scions of the nobility of Europe. The widow leaves the handling of the estate, which turns in a revenue of $1,500,000 every year, to one of the partners of her late husband and he in turn entrusts it to a very bright young lawyer, it is said who asks and has no other clients.

Peter and Edward S. Schermerhorn left estates worth about $25,000,000 when they died in Brooklyn some years ago. They owned an immense amount of real estate on each side of the East River. The Schermerhorn building, at the corner of Broadway and Pine streets, is one of the most valuable assets. The children have received most of the property and several of the younger generation take care of it in a way that is most profitable. At any rate they manage to extract $1,250,000 a year out of it for the benefit of the different heirs.

Jabez A. Bostwick, one of the head officials in his life time of the Standard Oil Co., left an estate that is put down at $20,000,000 and is worth $1,000,000 a year to the family. A son, who is said to be about 35, and one of Mr. Bostwick's associates in the oil business are reported to manage it.

William Sloane, the big carpet manu-

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

facturer on upper Broadway, left $20,000,000 when he died. His two sons, both young men, manage this fortune and see that its yearly interest of $1,000,000 is properly distributed.

The Dodge estate is one of the most famous in New York. It was left by William E. Dodge, whose statue, erected because of his philanthropy, stands in the small square at the intersection of Park avenue and Broadway at Thirty-third street. It amounted to something like $18,000,000. It is managed by the late millionaire's five sons: Herman, Dodge, George E. Dodge, William E. Dodge, jr., Rev. David Stuart Dodge and Charles O. Dodge.

The estate of Peter Cooper is figured at $5,000,000, and turns in $250,000 a year to the heirs. It is managed jointly by Edward Cooper and son, and ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, who was a partner of the deceased.

Orlando B. Potter left $5,000,000, most of it in very valuable real estate, of which the Potter building on Park Row constitutes a portion. Potter got the basis of his fortune out of the Grover and Baker sewing machine, of which he was a principal owner. A leading lawyer is understood to ostensibly look after the estate, but it is believed he has a prominent real estate agent associated with him in the management.

Samuel V. Hoffman, one of the heaviest dealers in real estate New York ever knew, left an estate of at least $10,000,000 to his two sons, Charles F. and Eugene F. They are both Episcopalian clergymen and the latter is a dean. They have managed the estate very shrewdly and increased its value greatly. Many of the details of the management are now left to J. Van Vechten Alcott, a young man of 35, who married a daughter of Charles F. Hoffman. Alcott is considered a very shrewd judge of real estate. He is also a lawyer.

The big Rhinelander estate is well-known. The money of the Rhinelanders was made out of real estate, purchasing in portions of the city that were not built up and holding until the growth of popula-

WM. K. VANDERBILT.

tion made those localities desirable and advanced the price of land. The estate is estimated at $10,000,000, with a yearly income of $500,000. It is managed by a young man, T. T. Oakley Rhinelander, whose experience in handling it has made him an expert in real estate.

It is only proper that an article of this sort should conclude with a mention, and that is all that is necessary, of the estate of William H. Vanderbilt. It is estimated that at the time of Mr. Vanderbilt's death the estate was worth $125,000,000. The two sons who manage it, Cornelius and William K. have certainly increased its value, for the former is reported to be worth $60,000,000 and the latter $75,000,000. Both of them are comparatively young.

How She Has Changed.

Time was she thought to see me fly
Along the ice was great;
But now she makes the angels sigh
When I get on a skate.
—Boston Courier.

ROLLICKING BLADES.

Ruskin Revised.

"They have no ruins in America,"
Said Ruskin. Why did he thus make his jaw go?
Just hear the clamors in a merry key
About the government building in Chicago.

Not This Season.

"I thought you were going to Europe."
"I am," said Damascus Blade, "but not till after Easter."
"Why not?"
"Well, I gave it up during Lent. See?"
"Yes. Very good."
"And I was afraid I should feel like giving up all my dinners to Neptune during the trip, so I took no chances. Maybe I won't be seasick if I wait till after Lent."

He Was Insulted.

"Come and have one with me, Senator."
"Certainly."
"Will you have sugar in yours?"
"You howling blackguard! Did you ask me up to the bar just to insult me with your insinuations?"

A Horse on Them.

"Here's a funny item," said Roystering Blade.
"What's that?"
"Why, that they killed last year in Paris nearly twelve thousand old horses for roasts and soup."
"Well, what is there funny about that?"
"Nothing, unless you look at it in the light of an example for us."
"How so?"
"Why, telling us that it would be a good thing for us to put our old political hack horses in the soup."

Accounted For.

"I see a funny account of milk sickness out in the eastern part of the state," said Dasmascus Blade.
"What are the points?"
"Oh, a man had it very badly, and finally it attacked him in both feet."
"Well, what is there funny in that?"
"Nothing at first glance. But toward the close of the article the reporter stated that the man had always worn pumps on his feet. So you see it was quite naturral that the milk sickness should strike him there."

That's Right, Major.

"I see that Major Handy, in the Inter-Ocean, says that 'a man who has really a great head seldom gets the big head,'" said a neighbor who called at The Blade office to give the editors points.

"I guess the major is right," said Jack Knife Blade, picking up his pencil and preparing for work; "he has a great head himself."

"That's just what I was going to say," said the caller; "but you fellows are so pesky smart that we can't get a word in edgeways."

Two of a Kind.

"Nice sort of a governor, that Western chap?"
"What, Altgeld?"
"Well, I had Waite in mind; but I accept your amendment."
"It is hard to say which is the bigger ass."
"They are more like cats. They ought to be tied together by the hind legs and swung over a clothes-line, as the cats in Kilkenny were."
"What a lot of lessons the Republicans are getting!"
"Yes—they will come into their own next election wherever they have a chance to vote."

"Words, Words, Words."

Coxey speaks of Washington
As the modern Babylon:
But, in spite of Coxey's game,
It will Babble-on the same.

Two Fingers.

"Jones made me smile," said Roystering Blade.
"How was that?"
"Asked me to take a drink, and wouldn't take 'no' for a refusal."

Improving Nature.

"Funny about those society leaders among the native savages of Australia," said Damascus Blade.
"What is that?" asked the society editress.
"Oh, they cut themselves with shells, and consider the scars ornamental."
"What is there funny about it?"
"Oh, they are different from our society ladies—that's all. Ours merely punch holes in their ears and paint their faces."

LITTLE DROPS OF WHISKY.

Little grains of sugar
In the statesman's hand,
Make a rise in Wall street,
Just as he has planned.
When we see his footprints
In the sands of time,
We may say, "Perhaps he's
In a warmer clime."
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SHE FAILED TO MEET HER FRED.

Heart-Broken Narrative of a Gown and a Lost Proposal.

She was sitting by the window in a dejected attitude, says the Chicago Tribune, when her dearest friend rushed into the room, exclaiming:

"Well, Clara, here I am; I stayed away until I knew Fred was off to Denver in order not to disturb you. Now, do tell me, am I to congratulate you?"

"O, Mabel, don't speak of it. I am the most unfortunate girl in Chicago."

"Then he didn't propose, after all?"

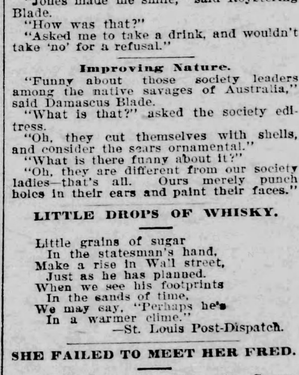
"My dear, it wasn't his fault. You see, he was to leave on the 5:30 train for Denver yesterday afternoon, and I knew that something was likely to happen before he went. He called the evening before, and don't you think, after I had spent my last cent in bribing my little brother to stay out of the room that horrid Larry Smith came in and spent the whole evening. Well, when Fred left I made an excuse to go to the door with him, and he asked me to meet him in Lincoln Park at 3 sharp the next afternoon, as he had something important to say to me."

"O, how romantic!"

"Wasn't it? You see, we used to walk there in the summer, and it was such a lovely idea of his to speak there among the dead leaves and things—but O, I wish he hadn't!"

"It was simply ideal; but why—"

"Well, you know I have a delicate throat, which is very convenient sometimes. I had gotten out of going to old Mrs. Brown's funeral the day before on the plea that my throat was



"O, MABEL, DON'T SPEAK OF IT!"

sore; of course, I forgot all about that when I promised Fred to meet him, but mamma hadn't. It was a cold, raw day, anyhow, if you remember, and O, Mabel, she positively refused to allow me to go out. I begged and expostulated in vain; then I had recourse to strategy."

"O, you smart girl!"

"But wait; I apparently let the subject drop, and after a while,—it was fifteen minutes past 2 then—I asked her casually if she had looked over the clothing in the attic recently, and linted at moths. That was enough; she went right up to see, and I knew she wouldn't be down for hours, and O, Mabel, how I did fly into my street things!"

"I hope you wore your new gown."

"I did; and that was just the cause of all the trouble. I seized my gloves and, glancing at the clock, I saw that I had barely time, so I fairly flew out, even forgetting and banging the door in my haste, for I couldn't be late."

"And were you?"

"O, just listen! You know how full the skirt is on my new gown is. Well, as the door banged shut a fold of it was caught inside. I pulled and tugged, but to no avail, the night latch had caught, and I couldn't get the door open or the dress loose; the servant was out, and mamma up in the attic where she couldn't hear the bell, and there I stood a prisoner with Fred waiting for me in the park."

"But you got loose?"

"Yes; over two hours later brother Tom came along and freed me with his latch key, but by that time Fred was on his way to Denver—and O, Mabel, I know he'll never forgive me as long as he lives!"

I LOVED YOU ONCE.

And did you think my heart
Could keep its love unchanging,
Fresh as the buds that start
In spring, nor know estranging?
Listen! The buds depart;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

'Tis not the early love;
With day and night it alters,
And onward still must move,
Like earth, that never falters
For storm or star above.
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

With gifts in those glad days,
How eagerly I sought you!
Youth, shining hope and praise;
These were the gifts I brought you.
In this world little stays;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

A child with glorious eyes
Here in our arms half sleeping—
So passion wakeful lies;
Then grows to manhood, keeping
Its wistful young surprise;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

When age's pinching air
Strips summer's rich possession,
And leaves the branches bare,
My secret in confession
Still thus with you I'll share;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.
—G. P. Lathrop.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

At a recent court ball at Rome, Queen Margherita wore sixteen strings of pearls, the lowest hanging half way to the waist.

The wages of 800 women employed in the Italian spinning mills average 15 cents for a day of twelve hours.

An International Women's union has been formed with branches in England, Italy, France, Belgium, Norway, Switzerland, and Germany.

Queen Natalie, of Servia, has received a large addition to her private fortune through a bequest from her aunt, the Princess Yekaterina Nicolaievna Murusi. The lady was recently found dead in her bed.

French people all over the country are preparing festivities in honor of Joan of Arc. Toward the end of April a grand Te Deum will be sung at Notre Dame, and similar manifestations are in preparation elsewhere.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new book will be published in England and America early in April. It is the history of a woman whose name it bears, and deals with the social problems of modern life.

Mme. Carnot is one of the most popular women in France. She has made a success of the once dreaded balls at the Elysee Palace. She gives delightful dinners. Her slight deafness seems no drawback. Sh epeaks English very well, is an admirable mother to her three sons and her daughter, and is extremely charitable to the poor.

IT IS A PICTURE.

At Least, Women Who Like Large Hats Will Think So.

The spring hats are worthy of attention. Here is an imported hat characteristic of the season. It is one of the

TULIP GREEN AND BLACK.

large picture hats so becoming to certain women.

The rather coarse straw shades on the new tulip green. It is entirely covered with fine Venetian lace in black, the narrow edge of the lace falling slightly over the brim. This gives a delightfully coquettish touch to the hat. The trimming consists of two large bows of green moire ribbon, the loops edged with black lace, while at the side silken petalled poppies in varying shades of pink, stand erect.—New York World.

FLIRTING PROVES VULGARITY.

Highly Bred Women Are Not Guilty of This Folly.

The "flirting" debate in a sober-minded contemporary has been amusing rather than instructive. When the artful old rascal in "Featherbrain" was called to account for hanging bunches of red and white grapes on the same vine upon an arid little estate which he wanted to sell, he explained the phenomenon as "all the fortility of the soil." So is flirting "all a matter of temperament."

The ethics of flirtation have yet to be defined, but the results are tolerably well proved. Now and then an arrant flirt may marry happily, but these cases are exceptional. The man who is weak-minded enough to be seriously smitten by the coquetries of a flirt is rarely good material out of which to make a husband. But most flirts remain unmarried, or marry in despair some man for whom they don't care an atom, because marrying men as a rule either leave them severely alone, or take them at their own value and consider a flirt just good enough to flirt with.

A youth of folly, old age of wards," might be adopted as the flirt's motto, as it is her usual fate. That flirting is foolish would probably check scarcely any; that it may develop into a tragedy if the flirt is caught unaware in a grande passion which is not returned may possibly give pause to a few; that it is essentially vulgar and the hall-mark of a vulgar mind may perhaps induce the majority to discard the practice if they have hitherto been inclined to it, says the London Pictorial. It has been well said that flirting is an education in flippancy, lightness of manners and hardness of heart, and that as practiced to-day it is not readily distinguished from general bad manners.

FEARED HIS WIFE THE MOST.

The Juror Knew His Spouse and Therefore Disobeyed the Court.

On one occasion Judge Andrew Ellison was trying an important case at Macon City and was desired to rush it through in order to make way for another case coming up next morning, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The court instructed the jury and court officials to return after supper that night, as it was intended to hold a night session. At 7 o'clock all the officers, numerous witnesses and the jury, with one exception, were promptly on hand. Of course, nothing could be done without the absent juryman. The minutes ran into hours, and still the prodigal didn't return. At a late hour court adjourned without having accomplished anything. Next morning sharp at 9 o'clock the twelve jurymen were in the box. His honor scanned the crowd and asked for the truant. He was pointed out, and the court ordered him to stand up.

"Mr. ——," said the judge, addressing the derelict, "didn't you understand the order of the court last night requiring the jury to be on hand after supper?"

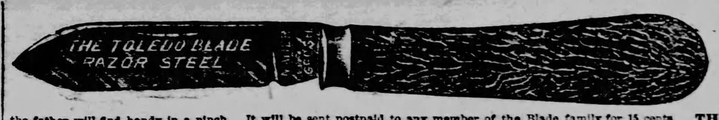
"Yes, your honor," said the juryman, explaining, "but you see I live quite a way out of town, and my wife gave me an order prior to the court's order that I should'n't stay in town over night. I considered the matter and concluded it was safer to risk your honor's displeasure than her'n, because," he added, earnestly, "I know her!"

The court looked solemn a moment, as if weighing some mighty problem, then a smile started across his face, and the bar, court, officers and spectators broke into tumultuous laughter. The juryman was forgiven; there were many there who could, perhaps, appreciate his position.

NOT GIVEN TO LONG PRAYERS.

Chaplain Bagby, of the House, an Athlete and Thorough Southerner.

The new chaplain of the House is one of the greatest athletes in the body, and, according to the Boston Advertiser, would make an admirable sergeant-at-arms. Chaplain Bagby is tall, slight and beardless, and he makes the shortest prayers that have been heard in the House for years. He is the youngest man who has been elected chaplain in the lower branch, and is only 28 years old now. He is a Southerner to his finger tips, but with any amount of real Northern activity. All his life has been spent in the South except during the few years that he studied theology at Yale. He is a splendid tennis player and wields the racket like a Hovey. His specialty is revival work, and he has had wonderful success awakening religious enthusiasm. But he does not try to convert the Congressmen.



The blade in this knife is hard-forged from razor steel, and no better material or temper goes into a $2 razor. The handle is metal, representing stag; its weight is 1½ ounces only. It is a splendid knife for a Blade boy or girl; a good garden or kitchen knife for the mother and one the father will find handy in a pinch. It will be sent postpaid to any member of the Blade family for 15 cents.

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

NOBLE CLARA BARTON

A MINISTERING ANGEL IN TIME OF WAR AND FAMINE.

How a Modest Yankee Schoolmistress Became the Foundress of the Red Cross Society.

Any one who has ever lived in Washington, or visited there, and who has happened to saunter along Seventeenth street, must have noted the old, historic mansion, just opposite the State department. In war days, it was used as a headquarters for the staff officers, and Grant, Meade, Hooker and other noted military leaders have at different times had rooms in it. It is the national headquarters of

CLARA BARTON AT FORTY.

the Red Cross society, and there its president and founder, Miss Clara Barton, one of the noblest women of any century, makes her headquarters. Her home it cannot be called in the usual sense, for Clara Barton's home is among the sick and maimed, the destitute and the dying, in whatever part of the world they may be; but when the Red Cross forces are not in the field of duty—there their leader always accompanies them—Miss Barton can usually be found in the old mansion.

Miss Barton is a queenly-looking, elderly lady, petite, but gracefully proportioned, with wonderfully bright eyes, that looked at you most pleasantly, and a full, firm, yet kindly mouth, which seemed to smile every time the lips parted. She was a stately lady, too, and her quiet style of dress and coiffure, gives her something of a Quaker aspect that is not without its charm.

Her voice has both strength and tenderness, resolution and sympathy. Her talk gives evidence of culture and a wide acquaintance with the world, for she has visited many lands, and done service to humanity alike under the burning sun of the tropics, and the snows of Russia. The story of Miss Barton's life is more than a romance; it is an epic. A New England farmer's daughter, she taught at a village school; next, a factory hand; then, with young ambition struggling for an education until health gave way. It would almost seem as though she had been divinely led into philanthropic work, for the first step was taken without premeditation. Her brother had been made a prisoner by Gen. Butler's troops, and she resolved to try to secure his release by appealing to Butler. Before starting for the front, she announced in a Massachusetts newspaper that she would receive stores and money for the wounded soldiers, and would distribute them personally. There was an overwhelming response, and she found herself with a work on hand onerous beyond all expectation. Until the war closed, she never left the field, but continued nursing the sick and relieving the suffering, besides distributing large quantities of supplies that came to her from many parts of the Union. She worked quite alone and independent of any existing organization, and when hostilities ended, Clara Barton was known throughout the world as the soldier's friend.

Peace brought no cessation to Miss Barton's labors. During the next fifteen years, she did effective work on all the great battlefields of Europe. Kings, queens, emperors and potentates vied with each other in their desire to do her honor, and she was literally loaded with brilliant decorations, crosses and rare jewels.

Just thirteen years ago, the American National Red Cross society was founded, and Miss Barton was chosen as president. Under her leadership, it has grown to be the greatest philanthropic organization ever known in this country, and the splendid work it has accomplished during periods of great national suffering and disaster, would alone make a thrilling and voluminous history. In the Mississippi floods in 1882, the Ohio floods the following year, the Louisiana cyclone, the Texas drought famine, the Charleston earthquake, the Johnstown flood, the Russian famine, and, latest of all, the Sea Island hurricane, Clara Barton and the Red Cross workers have stood between many thousands of sufferers and death by starvation, injuries or disease.

During the whole of the present winter, Miss Barton has had her headquarters "in the field" at Beaufort, S. C., where the Red Cross established itself for work among the Sea Island population. There, in a lonely and wretched section of a desolate country, she undertook the herculean task of relieving a population of nearly 10,000, scattered over a district fully 100 miles square, giving the people cheap

CLARA BARTON IN HER STUDY.

but wholesome rations, and helping them to rebuild their ruined cabins. In this latest field, the Red Cross has expended between $20,000 and $30,000.

Her Washington home is draped and festooned like a royal pavilion, with silken flags from a score of different nations. Even the portieres are flags, and the staircase is also hung with them. In her pretty salon, above which is her private office, it is nothing unusual to find her receiving as guests many of the foremost ladies of the nation, wives of senators and of members of the cabinet.

Marry This Girl—Somebody.

Mr. Editor:

I stained a blue silk dress with lemon juice; what will restore the color? I am making lots of money selling the Climax Dish Washer. Have not made less than $10 any day I worked. Every family wants a Dish Washer, and pay $5 quick y when they see the dishes washed and dried perfectly in one minute. I generally sell at every house. It is easy selling what every family wants to buy. I sell as many Washers as my brother, and he is an old salesman. I will clear $3,000 this year. By addressing J. H. Nolen, 60 W. Third avenue, Columbus, Ohio, any one can get particulars about the Dish Washer, and can do as well as I am doing.

Talk about hard times; you can soon pay off a mortgage, when making $10 a day, if you will only work; and why won't people try, when they have such good opportunities. MAGGIE R.

His Hands Laid Off.

Like the life of a watch is the life of a man,
As it runs its appointed race.
When its works are ended and all run down,
Then the coroner takes the case.
—Indianapolis Journal.

WEAK MAN CURE YOURSELF IN TWO WEEKS.

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GOOD-BYE, ALMIGHTY GROVER!

Oh! that better times were coming,
When we would hear the spindles humming
And the great machine-shops running,
With good wages paid.
Three more years of Bourbon ruling,
Then we'll have sufficient schooling
By the Democrats, a-fooling
With free trade.

Oh! thou mighty good-sized Grover,
In three more years 'twill all be over,
We will turn you out of clover—
From the chair!
We are looking to the future,
From the White House we will "scoot" you,
So prepare!

Then, at will, you'll be a rover,
Not the once almighty Grover,
When the next election's over,
Understand.
We will have another ruling,
Who will talk about things coolly,
And for Tammany is no tool, ha ha
Our free land.

In our next great fall election,
We will vote straight for protection,
And 'twill rob you of perfection,
With a chill.
We will burst the little bubble,
Of your great free trading trouble,
The votes, when counted, will be double
'Gainst thee and Hill.

We will bury you beneath the sod,
Bidding this nation of the Bourbon god,
And honest men will have o'er you trod,
In time to come.
So good-bye Almighty Grover,
When the next election's over,
You will think about the clover,
And what you've done.
W. A. K. WHITE.
Lost Mountain, Tenn.

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APRIL.

Crocuses, a morning meadow,
Apple blossoms lightly stirred,
Sudden rain, a wild bird's shadow.—
Which the shadow, which the bird?

Snowdrops in the wet wood's hollow,
Hyacinths in grasses long,
Song, and silence swift to follow.—
Which the silence, which the song?

Sunset's glories all a-quiver,
Hesper in the blue afar,
Starry gleams on lake and river.—
Which the gleam, and which the star?

Crocus, snowdrop, thrush and swallow,
Sunlight, starlight, cloud, and rain!
Smiles and tears that swiftly follow.—
Which the pleasure, which the pain?
—Martha T. Tyler, in Overland Monthly.

HOME TALKS.

ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES, THEIR ORIGIN AND USE.

A Few of Their Characteristics—How They Were Regarded in Ancient Times.

It seems to me that the love of gems is something inborn, something that lies deeper than the mere desire for personal adornment. There is an absolute fascination in their flashing lights and varying colors. The eye is held spell-bound, and not only the eye, but often every sense is steeped in the pleasure which is given by their glorious beauty. It is as if some shining spirit had been caught and imprisoned in their jeweled hearts, whence they look forth into the outer world to attract and hold all who gaze into the crystalline depths.

I do not know when I have been so enthralled as one day, a year or two ago, I wandered into the largest jewelry establishment in the great city of New York. There were wonders upon wonders of magnificence which challenged the admiration of the visitor. My first pause was made beside an immense piece of agate, a section of the trunk of a tree, the upper side polished like glass, and showing the beautiful colorings and varied markings over a surface of several square feet. Then I had not seen the specimens at the World's Fair, and I was breathless at what seemed the wonder of it.

Passing thence I came to the cases containing jewels set in all the forms that the ingenuity of man could suggest and his skill execute. Above were the brilliant electric lights flashing down upon what appeared to me more gorgeous than aught I had ever dreamed of as existing in the material world. Precious stones of all kinds, in exquisite settings, lay in clusters, side by side, catching the shining rays poured upon them from above and breaking them into myriads of pieces, tossing them back as burning, colored stars, that dazzled with their radiance. I hung enraptured over those cases, with no thought of personal possession, but simply thrilled with what seemed their unearthly beauty.

Recalling the wonderful sight, the thought has come to me since as to the genesis of gems, how they were produced. I know that science traces them back to the long ago, when the earth was passing through successive baptisms of fire and water, but the theories as to the how are many and none of them satisfying, for there is always a question farther back that is not answered. A recent writer advances one that appears to me more plausible and to go deeper than any other. It is, in a word, evolution, which must be operative throughout the universe. If this be so, the law governing it would cause progress to be marked by greater and greater beauty of expression since this law is one of wisdom and intelligence. Scientists now agree that life is in every particle of mineral matter, hence the upward climbing, or the evolution of this life would be shown in higher conditions, according to the advancement made. Why may not gems, with all of their beauty of form and coloring, be an expression of the greater progress of some over others of the life particles which are evolving through the mineral kingdom into a state of higher consciousness?

Gems have always attracted the attention and won the admiration of humanity everywhere, and in all ages of history. In times past people regarded them as possessing peculiar virtues and they were valued for these as well as for their beauty. In these days of materialism such things are looked upon as superstitious and treated accordingly. They have always played an important part in religious symbolism as witness the description in Revelations of the twelve foundations of the holy city. The magic necklace of the Hindu god Vishnu is made of five precious stones, the pearl, the ruby, emerald, sapphire and diamond, or water, fire, earth, air and ether. And many other examples might be given, showing how they are used as symbols in different religions, and how some are held more sacred than others. Of all the ornamental stones, the sapphire was the one most consecrated to their deities by the ancients, who believed it to possess magical powers.

It is not strange that with the universal love for precious stones they should be often counterfeited. Long ago their imitation by glass mosaics was understood and the industry was carried on extensively, nor has it died out in the present. At the Crystal Works of the Jura, it is said that 1,200 operators are employed in the manufacture of imitation diamonds. These are so perfect that only careful tests will tell the story. If a stone can be scratched by the sapphire, which is next in the scale of hardness; if when light is passed through it and the rays are refracted showing a double image it cannot be a diamond. The most decisive test, however, is that of specific gravity, and another is the form. There is no precious stone so often counterfeited as the diamond, because, doubtless, there is none other so highly prized by all people.

All precious stones are more or less electric being either positive or negative. It is stated that the tourmaline besides "possessing a duplicity of colors and also the power of double refraction, uniquely adds the power of being positively electric at its one end and negatively at the other." Of other gems the diamond, garnet and amethyst are negative whilst the sapphire is positive. Of the latter it is said in India, "it produces a desire for prayer and brings with it more peace than any other gem, but he who would wear it must lead a pure and holy life." The length of time electricity produced by friction is retained, shows whether a gem is real or artificial, the first holding it from six to thirty-two hours, and the latter from 40 to 60 minutes.

As is well known the colors of jewels can be changed by heat, and if the art is understood their beauty may thus be greatly enhanced. The fine tints of the carnelian are so produced and there are others which yield to this agent and grow more beautiful under the embraces of the spirits of fire. For instance, the Brazilian topaz assumes a very fine palered color by burning. The dark spots in amethysts are sometimes made to disappear under a certain amount of heat, but if there should chance to be an excess they lose their color altogether and become as white as quartz.

Both ancient and modern literature teem with allusions to the popular belief that in gems lie hidden supernatural powers, and that they exercise an influence over the fortunes of individuals and even of nations. They have been worn as talismans everywhere, and at all times of the world's history. Sometimes they were regarded as harbingers of evil, as in instance the onyx, when worn alone drew around the wearer malignant spirits, but combined with the sard, all danger was warded off. The opal has always been considered an unlucky gem. The beryl was believed to possess mystical powers such as revealing secrets past and future. Engraving gems with certain characters added to this "potency, and in Greece and Rome beautiful works of art were thus represented." A diamond bearing a soldier's head insured victory; a ruby with the figure of an orator was a guaranty for riches and honor; a sapphire representing a musician advanced its owner to a position of great dignity; while a sard or an amethyst engraved with the figure of a warrior strengthened the memory."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

(To be Continued.)

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

House Cleaning and Calamity Closets—A Spring Rhapsody.

We are all more or less experienced in the first part of this subject, but how many of the Household knows what a "Calamity Closet" is?

Never mind; I did not until quite recently I found my friend Mrs. H—surveying with great satisfaction, a place fitted up with drawers and shelves and hooks, which she introduced to me as her "Calamity Closet."

"I have just put it in order for the spring campaign," she said: "Everything that was in it has been mended and put away, now as I go about, cleaning out bureau drawers, closets and trunks, everything I find that is out of repair, or is to be made over, or to be given away, or to be torn into carpet rags, will be brought to this refuge.

I keep all my patches and darning yarn here, with a good supply of needles, pins, thread and strings; here is a small-soldering outfit you see for mending tins that are "just as good as new barring the hole in the bottom;" here is a bottle of liquid glue, and another of varnish for furniture that needs a 'bit o' tinkering,' and when a rainy day, or some unforeseen circumstance hinders my 'cleaning lady' from coming to me, I spend the time 'repairing damages' here.

It is not only at house-cleaning time the calamity closet is a blessing, either. Don't you know how easy it is to forget little bits of mending, when they are not brought before you? Perhaps you will burst a button off your glove as you remove it, or will notice that your coat fastenings are loose. Of course you mean to attend to it, before you wear them again, but you haven't time to do it just then, so you put the things away, and nine times out of ten, you forget all about it, until you are putting on the garment. Such things are put away in the 'C. C.' and every afternoon when I have leisure I take a survey of the 'stock in trade' and in half an hour usually, set everything to rights. I suppose it is because I have everything so handy here, but it seems to me I never found mending so easily done as since I commenced on this plan.

"Another help is my having everything here that I need to mend with; I used to have a 'piece-box' here, a darning bag there, and a basket of odds and ends in another place, and was never quite sure where anything was, until I had ransacked the three places, and even then I had a lingering hope that it might be in a trunk 'up attic.'

"Now I know if I can't find what I need here, it isn't in the house, and it saves me a great deal of time and trouble."

That's the description of a Calamity closet, and it has taken up so much space that the other subject will have to wait until some more convenient time.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters From Friends, Old and New—Speaks From Experience.

I wish to say to "Kate K" that I can not believe that a sensible woman can really enjoy trashy literature. I draw my conclusion from my own experience.

For many years I lived with a woman, who, like the farmer's wife you referred to, thought a good housewife should be able to wash, iron and bake all in one day, and possibly vary the programme occasionally with the milking of half a dozen cows, weeding the onion beds or other out of door labor; when finished with these "few chores" there were divers jobs to be done in the house, including the mending for the children. The daily newspaper, which was hastily glanced over, the "Fireside Companion" or "Saturday Night," and occasionally a sensational novel borrowed from a friend, was the only literature this poor soul ever had. Of course, being a member of this family, I was allowed to read anything that came in my way, and I can truthfully say that I did not enjoy it. As soon as a novel was finished by me, it was discarded and forgotten. Instead of imparting any knowledge, or good impression, it left a vacancy in my mind and a longing for something better, but I did not know how or where to obtain it. When I grew up I obtained a position among refined people, and was by degrees introduced to good literature, and at the present time a bad novel is as distasteful to me as a dose of bad medicine. The woman I spoke of, has, I am glad to say, through my influence, become an ardent admirer of Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Thackery and Hawthorne, and derives as much pure enjoyment from their works and those of other standard authors, as I do. She is also particularly fond of history. I would like your opinion of the works of Mary J. Holmes and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Do you think the world is any better for having their writings—Ione?

A Very Seasonable Letter.

As this is the time when we should slip our plants for summer growth, a few hints from a lover of "something white, something bright and something sweet," may not be amiss. Not only do I love the pretty blossoms, but I like to grow them, and neither dust, bug nor worm may enter into partnership with me. I am also a firm believer in the efficacy of water, hence, my success with plants.

Many amateurs think that by starting a large slip they gain thereby. This is a mistake. The leaves will invariably fall off, leaving only the new growth, and the result is a scraggy plant, with no leaves within many inches of the pot. If you desire small plants, choose small flower pots—say four inches high (unless you have an abundance of room the small plants are the nicest, as a greater number may be kept very close to the window) and put a few bits of broken crockery in the bottom, then fill to within one-quarter inch of the top with rich soil well mixed with plenty of sand. Select a very short, thrifty slip from near the roots of a plant (never break off a slip between joints and expect it to grow)—if possible get one having three branches, and this will insure you a round plant with the lower leaves just above the top of the pot. Keep the slip out of the sunlight until it begins to grow and then give it plenty of water, fresh air and sunshine and an occasional bath, and you will surely have blossoms. Do not allow the soil to become dry while the slip is starting. A good way to wash small plants is to cover the soil with a paper and holding it firmly in the hands to prevent the dirt from sifting out, douse the plant head foremost into a pail or tub of lukewarm water. This cleanses every part of the plant. An occasional application of liquid manure promotes the growth of plants, but it also promotes the growth of insects, and these should be immediately disposed of by an application of ammonia water. Very weak ammonia water may be used on the foliage to destroy insects.

If I have not trangressed this time by making my article too long, I should like to come again, and tell the sisters what nice plants I grow in windows and flowerbeds, and how I arrange them.—L. A. C.

We, of the Household, will be very glad to hear from this successful flower lover again. This nice weather makes one think most favorably of flower beds. Perhaps L. A. C. can answer Frances Howard's inquiry this week.—Ed.

It is not often I write for The Blade, but sometimes I find something which interests me so much that the spirit moves me to write. So it is from the letter of "Hermit." Would say to him I honor him for not taking a woman to lead such a solitary life on the Western plains. But still, after forty years, could he not abandon it for civilization, and, considering how many more females than males there are east of the Mississippi and in New England, could he not find a worthy helpmate to make his declining years more happy? Although he speaks rather hard of the morals of modern times, it is not altogether unjust. I too, was a pioneer of Illinois when it was called the far West, and the inhabitants were then much kinder to one another than in these days.

The editor thanks Lucy for the kind appreciation she expresses for her.—Ed.

THE PRIZE PAPER

And Some Other Excellent Descriptions of Fancy Work.

A Plaque.

A plaque may be made by taking a circular piece of pasteboard from five to eight inches in diameter, according to taste and material. Cover one side very neatly with delicately tinted satin with a layer of wadding under satin; line the back of paste-board with silesia or cambric. Take a lot of glass headed pins and put them around the edge, have spaces of regular width; take embroidery silk and wind as in illustration. Paint or transfer a picture in the center.

The plaque may be made of rough paper or celluloid and the edges notched; the thread then winds around on both sides alike. The effect is a little different. White wound with gold or yellow is my favorite combination.

A Corner Ornament.

Have a shelf to fit the corner with the front rounded. Two looking-glasses, for sides with very narrow frames. On the glass paint boldly water lilies and weeds; cover the shelf with green plush with chenille valance. On the shelf put some shells, a green frog and some stuffed birds. They will all be reflected over and over.

To Decorate Glass in Door.

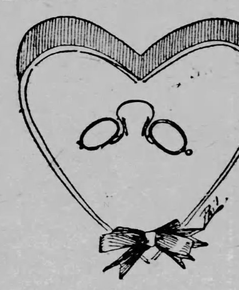
Cut from paper birds, flowers or any nice form. Moisten with water and stick to the glass. Make a hot solution of sal-ammoniac, brush the solution over the glass. It will dry quickly; then remove the paper. Where the solution touched the glass there will be a beautiful radiated deposit.—Mrs. F. D. Morris.

Lap Apron.

This apron is dainty, and also more useful, if made of cambric or any washable goods. Length, 32 inches; width, 16 inches. Make a good-sized hem at the bottom. Have two pockets, eight inches deep, and sew them on the apron. One pocket is to be divided into two compartments by stitching through the center; this is designed to hold the thread, needle-case, etc. The other pocket holds the work itself. Edge it simply with lace, or a design may be worked on each pocket, if one chooses. The apron can be made of a variety of material and trimmed in any way you like.

Eye-Glass Case.

Cut a piece of writing paper in the form of a heart, and from this pattern make two hearts of soft, smooth chamois. Bind each with narrow ribbon of any color you like, and on one heart draw a pair of eye-glasses in one line with a fine pen and ink.

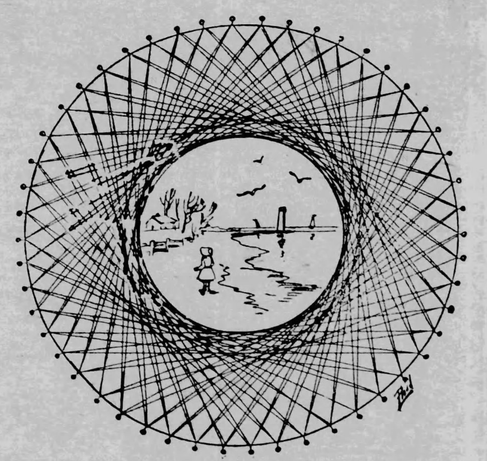


It is well to sketch it first with a pencil. Over-hand the two hearts together, thus forming a bag with the opening at the top. Put a bow of ribbon at the bottom. The chamois is excellent for cleaning the eye-glasses.

Cigar Case.

This is so easily fashioned that I think the readers of the Household would like to have it described. Take a strip of brown linen, ten inches long and three and one-half inches wide. Round off one end and curve

off the other. Next embroider the initials near the center or at one end, using some shade of brown. Now search among your wood-work gloves and find one with a long top, line the case with it; this lining will keep the cigars moist. Fold the case, and bind



with narrow brown ribbon. Be neat, and the result will please you.

An Easter Ornament.

Very pretty little gifts suitable for Easter presents can be made from eggshells. Pierce each end of an egg with a darning-needle and blow out the contents. Paint a little landscape, a spray of flowers or a little motto on each one. Knot some narrow ribbon and run through the shells. A half-dozen of these make a pretty and inexpensive ornament.

Splasher.

To those who would combine the useful with the ornamental, I would suggest the following: Cut a piece of white oil-cloth two and one-half feet long and one and one-half feet wide, and pink the edges. Paint a spray of flowers, group of birds, or any light design on one end. This can be easily cleaned with a damp cloth when necessary, and will look new after the cleaning.—Vercia L.

THE PRIZE BOOK.

The descriptions of pretty things which can be made by deft fingers, many of them illustrated, poured in upon the editor in competition for "Deephaven," but in consequence of the illness of one of the persons chosen to decide upon the relative merits of the work, the winner could not be announced before this week. It was a difficult matter to select from all that was excellent, but the prize was finally awarded to Mrs. F. D. Morris, Seward, Neb. Two others —L. Nettie Moon, of Ohio, and Vercia Louck, of Iowa—it was stated, came very close to the winner. There was also a splendid article from our valued correspondent, "Mary," but as there were no illustrations, the committee felt obliged to bar it out.

From week to week the articles received will be published, so that the writers will know what were saved from the general sifting out to be considered.

The editor desires to give her hearty thanks to those who have sent articles, and let those who failed to get "Deephaven" remember that they have not failed in helping others, their sisters of the Household, to new ideas.—Ed.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Information Sought by Some and Given by Others.

Will "Primrose" please send full address to the editor of the Household?

Michigan Mae:—Address your letter to the "Toledo Blade," Toledo, O., and in the lower, left-hand corner write "Merry-Go-Rounds." "Household," "Young Folks," "Wonder Column," or whatever department your letter belongs to.—Ed.

I have a sweet-scented geranium that has very thrifty looking slips at the ends of the branches, but has no leaves between them and the roots of the plant. As it is a large plant, the long, bare stems are not at all ornamental. My English ivy also has yards of bare stems and very handsome leaves at the ends. What causes such a state of affairs, and how can it be prevented? Will some flower lover tell me?—Frances Howard.

Is it right for girls to attend dancing parties and theaters?—Helen Irving.

Is a girl of 18 old enough to marry?—White Lily.

Will some one tell me how I can color my carpet rags brown, otherwise than by using diamond dyes, as I have not been very successful with them? Also the probable cost of dyeing about 22 lbs of light-colored cotton rags, either without or with Diamond dyes, if there is no other way?—Another Country Girl.

Can any one tell me if a looking-glass that the quick-silver has all worn off from, can be repaired—that is, can the quicksilver be replaced, and how?—Mrs. W. H. G.

Will some one give me a remedy for reducing the flesh—something that is not harmful, and would not require the patient to live on bread crusts?—An Old Subscriber.

Answers.

A New Comer:—You can wash your silk handkerchief in gasoline. Do not rub or wring it; let it lie covered with the gasoline for a few minutes, then squeeze it gently and hang it out of doors without wringing. Be very careful not to use the gasoline near a fire or a light.—Aunty Ann.

W. F. M.:—For hard soap, 3 1-2 lbs of sal soda, 1 1-2 lbs of unslacked lime, put in 2 gallons of cold rain water. Scald and skim it clear. Then turn it into an old tub; let it remain until morning to settle. Dip it off clear from all settlings, as any sediment put in will prevent its turning to soap; to this add 3 1-2 lbs of clean grease; simmer all together two or three hours, then turn into a clean tub to cool. Cut in short bars lay them on a board in a dry, cool room to harden. After it is very hard it will be very nice.—Mich.

Housekeeper:—To clean the nickle plate on your stove, mix liquid ammonia and French whiting to a thick paste, and apply. It will remove every stain except rust that has eaten in.—D. D.

Alice:—The fad for souvenir spoons is not so great as it was, but such a collection as one can make now will be of historical value in twenty years from now. Besides, it is pleasant to have some such reminder of the different places one visits. By all means continue to "collect" if you wish.—Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Recipes for Many Good Things to Eat.

For the cook's congress, we have this week a word from Pennsylvania—and a very good word it is.

Scrapple.

Take a hog's jowl and part of the liver. Cleanse thoroughly, put on to boil in plenty of cold water, cook until the bones can be easily removed. Then take out in a chopping bowl and chop fine. Season with salt and pepper. Return it to the liquor on the stove, which must be strained to remove the small pieces of bone. Then thicken with fine bolted corn meal till the consistency of mush, cooking it for at least 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Dip it out in deep dishes, and when cold slice and fry a nice rich brown, as you would mush. This is very nice for a cold morning breakfast.

Pork Chops and Fried Apples.

Season the chops with salt, pepper and a little powdered sage; dip them into a well beaten egg, then in grated bread crumbs. Fry until well done, then put them on a hot dish and put them where they will keep warm. Have some sour apples cut in slices around the apple so the core will be in the middle of each piece, about three-quarters of an inch thick; lay them in the skillet the chops were taken from, and fry a nice brown. Turn them carefully so as not to break them, and serve on the chops or in a separate dish. Sprinkle lightly with granulated sugar.

Beef Loaf.

Let the butcher chop fine as sausage for you three pounds of beef off of the round and one-quarter pound of salt pork. Add to it one teacupful cracker crumbs, three eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of salt, one teacupful sweet milk. Mix well and pack tightly in a small, deep bread pan. Bake two and one-half hours; baste while baking with one tablespoonful of butter dissolved in one cup of hot water. Slice when cold. This is very nice indeed for tea.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Four tablespoonfuls of butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one quart of flour. Make this into a soft dough with sweet milk; roll out and bake in three jelly-cake pans. Mash two quarts of berries and sweeten them well. When the cakes are done, let the first and third ones be whole, but split the middle one, and put the berries between each layer, after they they have been buttered. Dust white sugar over it, and eat it as soon after making as you can. To make it still richer between the layers after the berries are put on cover them with whipped sweet cream sweetened. Cover the top with a thick coating of the cream and place some large whole berries on the cream.

Cheese Straws.

Take one pound of flour and a half pint of grated cheese; mix them and make a paste as for pies, with lard and sweet milk. Roll out in a rather thin sheet; cut in strips one-half inch broad and five or six inches long. Bake a light brown. Tie them in bundles, five in a bundle, with white baby ribbon. Place a dolly on a fancy plate, and pile the bundles of "straws" upon it. This is a delicate dish, and is to be eaten with salads.—Laura Golden.

Baked Eggs.

Boil six eggs 15 minutes, put them into cold water for 5 minutes; shell them and cut them into halves, crosswise, also cut a thin slice from each end, so they will stand. Take out the yolks and mash them fine, add two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped chicken, two chopped mushrooms, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a dash of Cayenne pepper and a little salt. Mix thoroughly and fill the hollowed whites of the eggs and heap up in a tiny pyramid; brush over with the yolk of a raw egg and put in the oven to brown. Have ready a slice of broiled ham, cut it in as many squares as you have eggs and serve the eggs on the squares of ham. A cream gravy may be made and poured around the eggs if liked.—R.

Beauregard Eggs.

Boil five eggs for 20 minutes; shell them and chop the whites very fine and rub the yolks through a sieve, but do not mix them. Put one-half pint of milk on to boil, rub one tablespoonful of cornstarch and one heaping tablespoonful of butter together and stir into the milk. Now add the chopped whites of the eggs and pepper and salt to taste. Have squares of toasted bread on a hot platter and on each square, pour some of the white sauce then a layer of the grated yolks. Continue this till all is used, set the dish in the oven for a minute or two and serve very hot.—S. T. R.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Their Number Increasing Every Week.

This week we have the usual number of letters with no address; letters written with a lead pencil and on both sides of the paper, or on soiled scraps of paper in a very careless manner; others who fill a whole page with excuses for not coming sooner or oftener. Of course there is but one place for these, but we hope the writers will come again with these faults corrected, remembering that one object of this department is to help the members to improve themselves in every way. There seems to be some misunderstanding in regard to the correspondence question. This was allowed to members of the Merry-Go-Rounds as an especial favor to those who would use it solely for social pleasure or mutual improvement. If we learn of its being abused by using it for advertising purposes we shall withdraw the permission at once. We trust that our girls are all true ladies, who would not do anything wrong in this or any other matter, but we have felt called upon to mention the subject from having received a letter from a new correspondent who asked that orders for a certain class of goods be sent to her address. Members of this circle wishing to correspond with others, must send to the editor a self-addressed, stamped envelope and say whose address they wish for; this will be noticed in the column and as soon as a favorable reply is received the address desired will be forwarded in the envelope.

The list of the original members of the Merry-Go-Rounds has been mislaid and the editor will be obliged if the girl's will, in their next letters, send once more their full name and address, with their assumed name, and also mention if they wish to correspond with the others.—Ed.

"White Lily" and "Blue Bird" come with very pleasant letters telling of their favorite authors, which are about the same as those of the other girls. Some time we can order from them our new Easter hats and dresses, as they both intend to become milliners and dressmakers. "Lydia" and "Washington Edith" request the editor to correct their letters before publishing them—of course she will—probably, every time they are received—but you should endeavor to make them as nearly perfect as possible, so as to save her all the trouble you can. "Alabama Girl" asks us to correct her "poor spelling." The "Chaperone" never does that—when such a letter comes, with ten or a dozen misspelled words on a page, she does not even read it through. Can you guess what she does do with it? "Clara" is another of the brave girls who have given up their school work to fill as best she may the position of housekeeper and mother. She thinks a girl should require the same purity in a young man that he requires of her. Clara would like to correspond with some of the girls—and we would refer her to the information given this week. "Egerics" favorite character in fiction is Lucile, and her favorite pastime is skating. "A Kansas Boy" brings two pages of very good advice to the girls, but, alas, they will not be benefited by it, for it is written with a lead pencil and so blurred that no one but a good guesser could form any idea of what most of it was intended for; try again Kansas Boy. "Cecelia Fullton" thinks it would be wise to have a motto for our circle. "Eleanor G" also wishes for a motto and for a badge. Will some one suggest a motto and a design for the badge?

I am a young teacher and like my profession so well that I intend to make it my life work. My favorite book is the Bible, but Mrs. Alden is my favorite writer in worldly books. I will not impose upon the "boy's" good nature so far as to tell what I think they ought to be, but think that if we all would take Christ as our "ideal" we would become better men and women. I think it very nice to have a motto for our corner.—Cactus.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: I wonder how many of the girls admire Louisa Alcott's writings as much as I do? I agree with Bitter-Sweet that when she died America lost one of her noblest women. E. P. Roe is also one of my favorites. My poet is Longfellow. I also like Will Carleton.—Honeysuckle.

I could not resist the temptation of writing to you again. My first attempt landed in the waste-basket, I was told, as a reward for writing on both sides of the paper.

I am a Toledo girl, 18 years of age, and my favorite authors are Whittier, Tennyson, for poetry; E. P. Roe and Mrs. Townsend for good reading; how many agree with me in regard to my choice of poetry? At present I am attending a business college in this city, with a prospect of working after a while, as I think every girl should have something at which they can work if necessary. I am very fond of house work, and I am an excellent cook, that is, so far as I have time for it, but that is not very much. Would like to correspond with any of the girls of this circle, particularly Hazel.—Harriette.

The ideal beau has long been a question of discussion, and now hear my ideal girl: No bangs, laces, ruffles or tucks, no rings, pins or any other jewelry, a good cook, milk the cows and make fires, and possess a good knowledge of housework in general. My favorite authors are Max Adler, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Geo. W. Peck and M. Quad. I, too, would like to be a school teacher.—"Blue Jay."

I believe that to every man and woman comes a time when they choose their type and ideal, for though he may never confess it the most unromantic has his ideal and this is generally found but once and only in one.

As I cherish my ideal, I would say to every girl, have an ideal. Seek to imitate the highest and best for a perfect womanhood for yourself and the highest standard of pure manhood for him, whom you hope to welcome as the sharer of your joys and sorrows. Then, by a life of true motives, filled with earnest, enthusiastic endeavor, do well the present duty, go on your way, never doubting, but the time will come when your "ideal" will become "the real." I say yes, admit "the boys" to our circle soon.—Imogene.

Some Distinguished Guests.

A college town in the midst of summer vacation is scarcely the place in which to look for social gayety, yet even in August not quite all of the wit and wisdom of the populace has departed, and those who stay at home enjoy themselves in a most quiet and restful fashion.

Not long since my aunt and I accepted an invitation to spend the evening at a neighbor's. At 8 o'clock we found ourselves in the pleasant parlor of our hostess. In the course of an hour other guests came, until we numbered fifteen, all ladies, a fact which was made the cause of much merriment and turned to good account.

The two young ladies, our hostesses, stated that a number of distinguished guests had been invited, but being unable to come had sent their cards to represent them. As there were no gentlemen, to some of us would fall the pleasure of acting their parts. The younger sister then passed a tray of cards, on which were the names of friends who could not be with us. Each one present had the privilege of drawing a card, but was not allowed to look at the name on it. The elder sister stood, parer of pins in hand, ready to fasten the card on the back of the lady who had drawn it. Thus each of us carried about, not on our faces, but on our backs, the characters we were to personate, nor could we find out, except by discreet questioning, whom we were representing.

The remark that some of us were dead, some living, some real and some fictitious, set our brains in a whirl. One lady, queenly in her bearing, who was labeled "Queen Victoria," in due time discovered her identity. The Duke of York, Gladstone, Lord Tennyson and his "Maud" were present. My aunt, to her own satisfaction, turned out to be Susan B. Anthony. Even the Infanta and her Duke were with us, and also Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer and Miss America. Peggotty and Farkis had great difficulty in finding out who they were, and though both were "willin'" could not guess their identity. Adam himself was there and his dear Eve, whom he found after many trials.

It can easily be imagined what funny blunders were made until we learned what names we bore, and that there was no possible chance for selfness among the guests can be readily surmised.

Refreshments were served in another room where the English ladies and gentlemen sat at one small table, the Infanta and the Duke of Veragua at another, Adam and Eve at a third. Sweet peas were scattered loosely over each table. Ice cream and cake were served, and later coffee. Nothing could have been simpler nor more expressive of genuine hospitality than this charming and unique entertainment of distinguished people.—Bertha K. Brown in Ladies' Home Journal.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS

THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and what do you think,
Neither of them had slept a wink?
And the old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Seemed to know, as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.
(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told me by the Chinese plate.)
The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "me-ow!"
And the air was streaked for an hour or so
With fragments of gingham and calico.
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)
The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed: "Oh, dear, what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't think that I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)
Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about that cat and pup
Is that they ate each other up.
Now, what do you really think of that?
(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)
—Eugene Field.

A FISH THAT FISHES.

The Fishing Frog and How It Secures Its Food.

"Would you think, Tommy, that a fish would be cruel enough to fish for other fishes?"

"Why not, mother, he has got to make a living?"

"But why does he not catch worms and bugs and snails and live on seaweeds, instead of catching little fishes?"

"How does he catch them, mother, and what is his name? I never heard of such a fish."

"One thing at a time. There are many things, Tommy, that you know now, that you did not know a year ago. It is a very silly thing to say, as many girls and boys do, when they are told anything, 'I never heard of that before!' Why should they have heard of it? If they don't inquire and read, and use their eyes, how are they to learn anything they did not learn before."

"Yes, mother, but do not many fish catch and devour other fish?"

"Yes, Tommy, but this fish that I was about to tell you of, is a fisherman, and does not chase fishes, but catches them as you do."

"What, does he go out with a fish-pole, and an angleworm to fish?"

"Pretty nearly! He is called the Lophius or Fishing Frog, or by some the Frog Fish. It is a sea-fish, which is shaped like a bull head, or catfish, and sometimes grows to the length of two feet, but its head is more than half the length of the fish. Its broad mouth is armed with sharp, curved teeth, and it catches its food in a very curious way. It will settle down at the bottom of the sea, where the water is shallow, and lie in wait with its mouth wide open. On the front of its head are antennae, or 'horns,' I suppose you would call them, being long flexible spikes, shaped like a whip, which end in a silvery ornament like the cracker on the whip. Then, as he lies there, almost invisible in the mud, he sees with his half shut eyes, a small fish come playing along, like a boy going to school and looking in the windows to find goodies."

"Mamma, does he go to a school of fishes?"

"Tommy, you must listen; when the little fish sees this silvery bait dangling in the water, he thinks it must be something good to eat, and says to himself, 'O here is a chance to get my dinner cheaply.' So he plays about it awhile, as the Lophius or 'loafer,' as we had better call him, watches the little fellow through half-shut eyes. Then the little fish rushes at the bait, and tries to swallow it, when Frog Fish jumps forward and catches the little fish in his big mouth, and devours him, while the mud stirred up at the bottom spreads in a yellow cloud through the water and hides the murder."

Girls, Do Not Use Slang.

I have often had to blush to hear girls use slang, or at least attempt to, catching up the bye-words of the street, and using them as if they were the familiar speech of home. It shows first, that the person is not accomplished in speech, and has a limited range of words, which does her no credit. The use of right words comes from the association with other minds, either in books or in society or home. A girl's mind can be judged by her choice of words, and that choice is influenced by her associates largely. But the great and overwhelming reason for the girl's not using slang is, that often, perhaps one should say generally, slang originates in some anecdote, oftentimes exceedingly vulgar, and of evil intent. I have heard girls use slang phrases, that if a stranger heard, he would conclude that they were familiar with obscene and vile stories, so vile that gentlemen would not repeat them to each other. Yet they had heard men use these expressions, and had used them themselves, entirely unconscious of their meaning. They would have shrunk back with horror from the use of such words, if they had known in what they originated. The language of concert halls, saloons and low resorts, the vilest places oftentimes filters into the public speech, and is taken up by the press, and girls are apt to adopt these expressions, when if they knew the origin of them, they would not for the world make use of them. Good, clean, clear, wholesome English, as musical as Irving and Goldsmith and Addison could write, is the proper language of girls, and whenever they use slang to brighten language with, they tread on dangerous ground. I once heard a pretty girl, as good as she was pretty, use some slang phrases, very much in vogue with certain people, at that time. After she had stepped aside, a young man said to another: "Is it possible that she has the slightest comprehension of the origin of the words she has been using?" The other said: "I know she has not, she is a clean-minded girl, and will be shocked if she were told that she was using the familiar talk of places of low resort." Suppose there had been no kind friend to thus apologize for her. Girls, don't use slang.

A Noble Resolve.

When the great and good commodore, David Farragut, was a boy, his father was a captain on a steamboat on the Mississippi river. David was a bad boy, not that he meant to be bad, but like many other boys, he had got the foolish idea that to swagger about and chew tobacco, to swear and drink, were manly, and that he could not show himself a man unless he did like some of the miserable loafers along the shores, and some, I fear, on the ship. One day, when he was about sixteen years old, the boat had only just left Memphis going down the river, when his father spoke to him, and wanted to see him above. He had been disgusted to see the boy smoking and swaggering about at the town, and he thought it was time to teach him a lesson. Besides he loved the boy, and was sorry to see him making a fool of himself. Turning all the others out of the cabin, he said: "David, what do you expect to make of yourself?"

"Me? I calculate to follow the sea."

"What? To be a common, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about, a loafer in every port, an associate of drunkards and outcasts, and a disgrace to your father and friends?"

"No, I mean to tread the quarter-deck, to be a commander," said the boy, stung to the quick.

"You a commander? you who drink, who smoke, who swear, who play cards, who are idle, vicious and uneducated. No, you have only one thing before you, to stop what you are doing, and turn right about, or go on and be a mere drunken sailor."

The boy did not see the quiver of the old captain's lip, nor the moisture gathering in his eye. It was bitter medicine to the boy, but he knew that the father's words were true, and meant for his good. He passed out without a word and went to his room, choking with indignation and tears. What, he, the captain's son, to be a drunken loafer, never! He made a resolve then and there to break off all those bad habits, and in his old age he said, "By the grace of God, I have never broken my promise."

He steadily advanced until he was the glory and pride of the American navy, and boys will find in his history a model hero, whose name is written on the pages of the national record.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS I?

I succeeded, about A. D. 432 to my hereditary chieftainship of the Huns north of the Danube, being self-styled "The Scourge of God." I built up a kingdom extending from the Rhine to the Volga, and from the Black sea to the Baltic, and had an army of 700,000 men. I was ever victorious until I met the Romans and Goths in the battle of Chalons, where I was completely overthrown. In two years, however, I had collected another army, and ravaging Northern Italy, was threatening Rome, when death suddenly ended my career, about A. D. 453. I am talked about in old German songs and stories, especially in the Niebungen Lied.

2.—NOVEL BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with 20 letters, using the entire alphabet, and four extra of the letter A.

My brother **** brought home some *** flowers. The ma uthat ****** him gave them to him, and he tried, as it was **** light, to fool us with them. He likes to fool people; only a few days ago he cut a **** off "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for a joke, he said! Sometimes I wish he had been born about ****** years earlier. NED.

3.—CHARADE.

My first heard my whole in the meadow one morn;
As he carried my third, in his hand, to the barn;
Now, he carried my third to the barn it is plain,
For the purpose of mending a broken chain.
He exclaimed: "My second I wish I could see
That jolly old fellow, where-er he may be."
"J. H. S."

4.—DOUBLE DIAMOND.

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O O O
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1—A vowel.
2—Qualified.
3—A spring opening.
4—To incline.
5—A consonant.
6—A nautical term

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE BLAND BILL VETOED

CLEVELAND SITS DOWN ON SILVER INFLATION.

A Lengthy Document Sent to the Senate and House This Morning—The Executive's Personal Preference for the Bill—Would Like to Oblige the South.

Washington, March 29.—The President to-day sent to the House of Representatives his message vetoing the Bland silver seigniorage bill:

To the House of Representatives:

I return without my approval House bill numbered 4596, entitled "An Act Directing the Coinage of the Silver Bullion Held in the Treasury and for Other Purposes."

My strong desire to avoid disagreement with those in both Houses of Congress who have supported this bill, would lead me to approve it if I could believe that the public good would not be thereby endangered, and that such action on my part would be a proper discharge of public duty. Inasmuch, however, as I am unable to satisfy myself that the proposed legislation is either wise or opportune, my conception of the obligations and responsibilities attached to the great office I hold, forbids the indulgence of my personal desire, and inexorably confines me to that course which is dictated by my reason and judgment, and pointed out by a sincere purpose to protect and promote the general interests of our people.

The financial disturbance which swept over the country during the last year, was unparalleled in its severity and disastrous consequences. There seemed to be almost an entire displacement of faith in our financial ability and a loss of confidence in our fiscal policy. Among those who attempted to assign causes for our distress, it was very generally conceded that the operation of a provision of law then in force which required the government to purchase monthly a large amount of silver bullion and issue its notes in payment therefor, was either entirely, or to a large extent, responsible for our condition. This led to the repeal on the first day of November, 1893, of this statutory provision.

Had Fallen so Low.

We had, however, fallen so low in the depths of depression and timidity and apprehension had so completely gained control in financial circles that our rapid recuperation could not be reasonably expected. Our recovery has, nevertheless, steadily progressed, and though less than five months have elapsed since the repeal of the mischievous silver purchase requirement, a wholesome improvement is unmistagably apparent. Confidence in our absolute solvency is to such an extent reinstated, and faith in our disposition to adhere to sound financial methods is so far restored, as to produce the most encouraging results both at home and abroad.

The wheels of domestic industry have been slowly set in motion, and the tide of foreign investment has again started in our direction. Our recovery being so well under way, nothing should be done to check our convalescence, nor should we forget that a relapse at this time would almost surely reduce us to a lower stage of financial distress than that from which we are just now emerging. I believe that if the bill under consideration should become a law, it would be regarded as a retrogression from the financial intentions indicated by our recent repeal of the provision forcing silver bullion purchases, that it would weaken, if it did not destroy, returning faith and confidence in our sound financial tendencies, and that, as a consequence, our progress to renewed business health would be unfortunately checked, and a return to our recent distressing plight seriously threatened.

This proposed legislation is so related to the currency conditions growing out of the law compelling the purchase of silver by the government that a glance at such conditions and a partial review of the law referred to may not be unprofitable.

Between the 14th day of August, 1890, when the law became operative, and the 1st day of November, 1893, when the clause it contained directing the purchase of silver was repealed, there were purchased by the secretary of the Treasury more than 168,000,000 ounces of silver bullion. In payment for this bullion, the government issued its treasury notes of various denominations, amounting to nearly $156,000,000, which notes were immediately added to the currency in circulation from among our people. Such notes were, by the law, made legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, except when otherwise stipulated, and were made receivable for customs, taxes, and all public dues, and when so received might be re-issued. They were also permitted to be held by banking associations as a part of their lawful reserves. On the demand of the holders, these treasury notes were to be redeemed in gold or silver coin, in the discretion of the secretary of the Treasury; but it was declared as a part of this redemption provision that it was the "established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a uarity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ration as may be provided by law.

The money coined from such bullion was to be standard silver dollars, and after directing the immediate coinage of a little less than 28,000,000 ounces, the law provided that as much of the remaining bullion should be thereafter coined as might be necessary to provide for the redemption of the Treasury notes issued on its purchase and that "any gain or seigniorage arising from such coinage shall be accounted for and paid into the Treasury."

This gain or seigniorage evidently indicates so much of the bullion owned by the government as should remain after using a sufficient amount of coin as many standard silver dollars as should equal in number the dollars represented by the Treasury notes issued in payment of the entire quantity of bullion. These Treasury notes now outstanding and in circulation amount to $152,951,280, and although there has been thus far but a comparatively small amount of this bullion coined yet the so-called gain or seigniorage as above defined, which would arise from the coinage of the entire mass, has been easily ascertained to be a quantity of bullion sufficient to make when coined $55,-256,681 standard.

Considering the present intrinsic relation between gold and silver the maintenance of the parity between the two metals, as mentioned in this law, can mean nothing less than the maintenance of such a parity in the estimation and confidence of the people who use our money in their daily transactions. Manifestly the maintenance of this parity can only be accomplished, so far as it is affected by these Treasury notes, and in the estimation of the holders of the same, by giving to such holders, on their redemption the coin, whether it is gold or silver, which they prefer. It follows that while in terms the law leaves the choice of coin to be paid in such redemption to the discretion of the secretary of the Treasury the exercise of this discretion, if opposed to the demands of the holder, is entirely inconsistent with the effective and beneficial maintenance of the parity between the two metals.

If both gold and silver are to serve us as money, and if they together are to supply to our people a safe and stable currency, the necessity of preserving this parity is obvious. Such necessity has been repeatedly conceded in the platforms of both political parties, and in our federal statutes. It is nowhere more emphatically recognized than in the recent law which repealed the provision under which the bullion now on hand was purchased. This law insists upon the "maintenance of the parity in value of the coins of the two metals and the equal power of every dollar, at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts."

The Secretary of the Treasury has, therefore, for the best reasons, not only complied with every demand for the redemption of these treasury notes in gold, but the present situation, as well as the letter and spirit of the law, appear plainly to justify, if they do not enjoin upon him a continuation of such redemption.n

The conditions I have endeavored to present, may be thus summarized:

First—The government has purchased and now has on hand sufficient silver bullion to permit the coinage of all the silver dollars necessary to redeem, in such dollars, the treasury notes issued for the purchase of said silver bullion and enough besides to coin, as gain or seigniorage, $55,156,-681 additional standard silver dollars.

Second—There are outstanding and now in circulation treasury notes issued in payment of the bullion purchased amounting to $152,951,280. These notes are legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, except when otherwise expressly stipulated, they are receivable for customs, taxes, and all public dues, when held by banking associations they may be counted as part of their lawful reserves, and they are redeemed by the government in gold at the option of the holders. These advantageous attributes were deliberately attached to these notes at the time of their issue, they are fully understood by our people, to whom such notes have been distributed as currency, and have inspired confidence in their safety and value, and have undoubtedly induced their continued and contented use as money instead of anxiety for their redemption.

Having referred to some incidents which I deem relevant to the subject, it remains for me to submit a specific statement of my objections to the bill now under consideration.

The bill consists of two sections, excluding one which merely appropriates a sum sufficient to carry the act into effect. The first section provides for the immediate coinage of the silver bullion in the treasury, which represents the so-called gain, or seigniorage, which would arise from the coinage of all the bullion on hand, which gain or seigniorage this section declares to be $55,156,681. It directs the money so coined or the certificates issued thereon shall be used in the payment of public expenditures, and provides that if the needs of the treasury demand it, the secretary of the treasury may in his discretion issue silver certificates in excess of such coinage, not exceeding the amount of seigniorage in said section authorized to be coined.

The second section directs that as soon as possible after the coinage of this seigniorage the remainder of the bullion held by the government shall be coined into legal tender standard silver dollars, and that they shall be held in the treasury for the redemption of the treasury notes issued in the purchase of said bullion. It provides that as fast as the bullion shall be coined for the redemption of said notes, they shall not be re-issued but shall be cancelled and destroyed in amounts equal to the coin held at any time in the treasury derived from the coinage provided for, and that silver certificates shall be issued on such coin in the manner now provided by law. It is, however, especially declared in said section that the act shall not be construed to change existing laws relating to legal tender character or mode of redemption of the treasury notes issued for the purchase of the silver bullion to be coined.

The entire bill is most unfortunately constructed. Nearly every sentence presents uncertainty and invites controversy as to its meaning and intent.

The first section is especially faulty in this respect, and it is extremely doubtful whether its language will permit the consummation of its supposed purposes.

I am led to believe that the promotors of the bill intended in this section to provide for the coinage of the bullion constituting the gain or seigniorage, as it is called, into standard silver dollars, and yet there is positively nothing in the section to prevent its coinage into any description of silver coins now authorized under any existing law. I suppose this section was also intended, in case the needs of the treasury called for money faster than the seigniorage bullion could actually be coined, to permit the issue of silver certificates in advance of such coinage; but its language would seem to permit the issuance of such certificates to double the amount of seigniorage as stated one-half of which would not represent an ounce of silver in the treasury.

The debate upon this section in the Congress developed an earnest and positive difference of opinion as to its object and meaning. In any event I am clear that the present perplexities and embarrassments of the secretary of the Treasury ought not be augumented by devolving upon him the execution of a law so uncertain and confused.

I am not willing, however, to rest my objection to this section solely on these grounds; in my judgment sound finance does not commend a further infusion of silver into our currency at this time unaccompanied by further adequate provision for the maintenance in our treasury of a safe gold reserve.

Doubts also arise as to the meaning and construction of the second section of the bill. If the silver dollars therein directed to be coined are, as the section provides, to be held in the treasury for the redemption of cash notes, it is suggested that, strictly speaking, certificates cannot be issued on such coin "In the manner now provided by law," because these dollars are money held in the treasury for the express purpose of redeeming treasury notes on demand, which would ordinarily mean that they were set apart for the purpose of substituting them for these Treasury notes.

They are not, therefore, held in such a way as to furnish a basis for certificates according to any provision of existing law. If, however, silver certificates can properly be issued upon these dollars, there is nothing in the section to indicate the characteristics and functions of these certificates. If they were to be of the same character as silver certificates in circulation under existing laws, they would at best be receivable only for customs, taxes, and all public dues; and under the language of this section it is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether the certificates it contemplates would be lawfully received even for such purposes.

Whatever else may be said of the uncertainties of expression in this bill, they certainly ought not to be found in legislation affecting subjects so important and far reaching as our finances and currency. In stating other and more important reasons for my disapproval of this section I shall, however, assume that under its provisions the treasury notes issued in payment for silver bullion will continue to be redeemed, as heretofore, in silver or gold at the option of the holders, and that if, when they are presented for redemption, or reach the treasury in any other manner, there are in the treasury coined silver dollars equal in nominal value to such treasury notes, then and in that case the notes will be destroyed and silver certificates to an equal amount substituted.

I am convinced that this scheme is ill-advised and dangerous. As an ultimate result of its operation treasury notes which are legal tender for all debts, public and private, and which are redeemable in gold and silver, at the option of the holder, will be replaced by silver certificates which, whatever may be their character and description, will have none of these qualities. In anticipation of this result, and as an immediate effect, the treasury notes will naturally appreciate in value and desirability. The fact that gold can be realized upon them, and the further fact that their destruction has been decreed when they reach the Treasury, must tend to their withdrawal from general circulation to be immediately presented for gold redemption or to be hoarded for presentation at a more convenient season.

The sequel of both operations will be a large addition to the silver currency in our circulation and a corresponding reduction of gold in the Treasury. The argument has been made that these things will not occur at once, because a long time must elapse before coinage of anything but the seigniorage can be entered upon. If the physical effects of the execution of the second section of this bill are not to be realized until far in the future, this my furnish a strong reason why it should not be passed so much in advance, but the postponement of its actual operation can not prevent the fear and loss of confidence and nervous prostration which would immediately follow its passage, and bring its worst consequences.

I regard this section of the bill as embodying a plan by which the government will be obliged to pay out its scanty store of gold for no other purpose than to force an unnatural addition of silver into the hands of our people. This is an exact reversal of the policy which safe finance dictates, if we are to preserve parity between gold and silver and maintain sensible bi-metallism.

We have now outstanding more than three hundred and thirty-eight millions of dollars in silver certificates issued under the existing laws. They are serving the purpose as money successfully and without question. Our gold reserve, amounting to only a little more than one hundred millions of dollars is directly charged with the redemption of three hundred and forty-six millions of United States notes. When it is proposed to inflate our silver currency it is time for strengthening our gold reserve instead of depleting it. I cannot conceive of a longer step toward silver monometallism than we take when we spend our gold to buy silver certificates for circulation, especially in view of the practical difficulties surrounding the replenishment of our gold.

This leads me to earnestly present the desirability of granting to the secretary of the Treasury a better power than now exists to issue bonds to protect our gold reserve, when, for any reason it should be necessary. Our currency is in such a confused condition and our financial affairs are apt to assume at any time so critical a position that it seems to me such a course is dictated by ordinary prudence.

I am not insensible to the arguments in favor of coining the bullion seigniorage now in the treasury, and I believe it could be done safely and with advantage, if the secretary of the Treasury had the power to issue bonds at a low rate of interest under authority, in substitution of that now existing, and better suited to the protection of the treasury.

I hope a way will present itself in the near future for the adjustment of our monetary affairs in such a comprehensive and conservative manner as may afford to silver its proper place in our currency, but in the meantime I am extremely solicitous that whatever action we take on this subject may be such as to prevent loss and discouragement to our people at home and the destruction of confidence in our financial management abroad.

GROVER CLEVELAND.
Executive Mansion, March 29, '94.

POLLARD-BRECKINRIDGE.

The Colonel Put on the Stand, and Tells of His Disgrace.

Washington, March 28.—The defense in the Pollard-Breckinridge trial took a new tack yesterday, and ventured upon the troubled sea of expert testimony. Two witnesses, well-known in Washington, Dr. E. N. Schaefer, now coroner of the District of Columbia, and Mr. Edwin B. Hay, an attorney who is something of a local Chauncey Depew, appeared for the Kentucky Congressman, and their statements were directed to the support of the contention that the hand of Madeline Pollard penned the black-bordered letter written in 1884, which she has now emphatically disavowed twice over on the witness stand. Great stress is laid by the defense upon the authenticity of this letter, not because it runs counter to the testimony of the plaintiff that Col. Breckinridge first called upon her at the Wesleyan academy of his own volition, but because they think if she can be proven false on one important detail her whole statement will be impeached. The signature to the letter also goes to support the opening statement of the defense on a minor detail, viz: that Miss Pollard had adopted at that time the middle name of Breckinridge. This letter which has figured so conspicuously in the case, and which the defense will fight to get before the jury, is as follows:

"Wesleyan College, July 20, 1884.

"Dear Col. Breckinridge:—Your letter came to me Saturday. I am glad you told me it will be inconvenient to come out here to the college, for if you had gone to ever such a little trouble to listen to what sometimes

THE DRAMA AT WASHINGTON.

overburdens a school girl's mind, you might be inclined to be provoked with yourself. A preacher's opinion of any little affair of mine would cause premature gray hairs, where your opinion might clear away all doubts and fears and let me be quite free-hearted again. I think I have prepared you for a first of the case, but listen, it is worse than that. If a certain person should advance funds for my tuition here at school for three years under the promise that I marry him at the expiration of that time, could he do anything if I would not marry him, but teach and refund all he had advanced. I know you think, 'why the deception,' but on no other terms will he agree. When a girl wants nothing but a good education, and means to obtain such are denied her, what is she to do but take the only chance she is ever likely to have. I liked your face, and I am sure I would like you, and if at any future time you are in the city and would care to come around, remember that home faces are always welcome.

"I am very respectfully yours,
"MADELINE B. POLLARD."

Break at the Bat.

Then Mr. Butterworth arose and said: "Col. Breckinridge, will you take the stand?" and the commotion which ensued required all the efforts of the bailiff to quiet the noise.

Col. Breckinridge declared that he was born near Baltimore in 1837; that his father, John C. Breckinridge, soon afterwards moved to Jefferson, Pa., to accept the presidency of the college, and in 1847 to Lexington, to take the pastorate of the Presbyterian church. He had taken his diploma at Centre college. He had practiced law only at Lexington, after studying in the office of Madison C. Johnson, and in Louisville, at the law school, a diploma from which was a license to practice.

He told of his various services in the Confederate army under Kirby Smith, how he had risen to the rank of colonel and surrendered his regiment of Kentucky cavalry at the close of the war. He was married a second time the night the federals occupied Lexington to Miss Desha, September 19, 1864. He had five children, four living. One son and one daughter were with him here.

Here Miss Pollard and Sister Ellis entered, taking seats before the bar to the right of the defendant amid a subdued rustling in the court room.

"Do you know the plaintiff?"

"I do."

"When did you first meet her?"

"In the spring of 1884. It was a cool morning, on a train, between Lexington and Frankfort. I had an overcoat on the back seat of the car, and as I passed down the aisle to get it she accosted me in a perfectly proper way. I said: 'I suppose I ought to know you, but young persons grow up so on us, we forget their faces.' She said: 'I am Madeline Breckinridge Pollard;' that her father admired my father; that if she had been a boy he would have named her John R. As it was, he gave her the middle name of Breckinridge. She said she was going to a sister who was dying of consumption. I expressed my sympathy and passed on."

"When did you next meet her?"

"I do not remember exactly. I received a letter from her. I have lost that letter, but the substance of it was a request that I would call on her at the college on some business of great importance to her. The substance of my reply was that it would be inconvenient for me to call at the college, but if I could give her any advice I would be glad to do so, and if she was in Lexington she might call."

"Did you receive another letter?"

"I did."

"Is this the letter?" asked Mr. Butterworth, handing up the black bordered envelope.

"It would be affectation for me to examine that. I am familiar with it."

This provoked a tilt over the letter, Mr. Wilson contending that it had not been proven to have come from the plaintiff, and Mr. Butterworth asserting that unless the Supreme court was in error, it was, on several grounds, competent evidence.

"Apart from the letter," Col. Breckinridge continued, "he could not relate the conversation concerning it which he had had with the plaintiff when he called at the school a few days afterward. He could not well give the purport of the conversation concerning the letter, apart from the rest of their talk.

"The plaintiff," he began, referring always to Miss Pollard by the legal term, 'the plaintiff said: 'I suppose you were surprised to receive such a letter from a school girl.'

"Laughingly, I responded that perhaps she over-exaggerated the importance of the matter. Then she said: 'But all this time you are standing, and invited me to take a seat.'

"Now we proceed," said Mr. Butterworth, "to offer this letter to the jury that they may examine it and compare it with the admitted specimens of plaintiff's handwriting in evidence. Even if we had produced no expert testimony on the point under the ruling of the Supreme Court it would be admissible."

Returning then to his visit to the Wesleyan Seminary, the defendant explained that it had been made while on a business trip to Covington, on Friday, the 1st day of August. There being no hotel accommodations in Covington he had gone to Cincinnati to stay over night. After dinner, remembering the letter of Miss Pollard, he strolled up to the college.

"I sent my name up," he said, "was invited into a room, and in a few moments the plaintiff came down. We shook hands. She said she supposed she had astonished me by the substance of her letter; that it was worse than a divorce case. We took seats, she on a divan, I on a chair, in the rear of the room. She narrated the circumstances under which she had made the agreement with Mr. Rhodes. Until then I had not known who her mother was. I had known her father, but not who he married. As soon as she told me she was living with her aunt, Mrs. York Keene, I knew who her mother was, because her uncle York Keene had been in my brother's regiment. Because her father had died in straitened circumstances and her life with her aunt had not been pleasant she wanted to leave.

Mr. Rhodes had fallen in love with her, but she had respected him, as an older man, but had not loved him. She wanted to know whether he could be compelled to marry him. I treated the matter with some levity; said I knew of no law in this day by which she could be compelled to the specific performance of a marriage contract. She grew grave, looked as though she felt like crying, took out her handkerchief, put it to her face, and I got up and walked the room. I asked her if her mother was alive. I had not seen her mother. I never have in fact; but she said her mother had not approved of the contract, and it had made unpleasantness in the family. I spoke of her grandfather. I knew her grandfather and her uncles. We had ceased to walk the room, she was sitting on the divan, and I was standing beside her. I started to leave, after some expressions of sympathy, but she detained me. She said, the plaintiff did, 'It's much worse than that. He insisted on marrying me. I did not want to be like Aunt Lou with a house full of children and unable to educate them.' She put her handkerchief to her face. (Here Colonel Breckinridge spoke very slowly and reproduced the mournful tones which a young woman might use in making such a confession). She said, 'I gave him a higher proof than that contract.' Then I said she ought to marry him anyway. She said, 'I can't; I have grown away from him. I know what other men are, and his very presence is offensive to me.' I replied, 'You can't afford not to marry him, young girl as you are.' Then the conversation drifted away. There was nothing more I could say. She seemed to have said all she cared to."

There was an exquisite minor key of retrospective pathos as the colonel sunk his voice through these passages. "The conversation drifted away," he repeated reflectively, fingering the Bible at hand. "As I stood there with my hat in my hand she said, 'I have set my heart on becoming an authoress.' I said, 'I don't see why you can't do that, but you must remember that this double life—(here he assumed the stern tone of the moralist, a man stainless, above reproach, reproducing the paternal, advisory manner of the counsel he said he gave to the young woman.) 'This double life,' I said, 'may come up against you at any time. He has you in his power. A young girl cannot afford that. You should marry him as soon as you can.' She said, 'I won't do that now, anyway; no danger of his giving me up.' Then she spoke of an entertainment at Vine street. She said there was to be a cornetist play. "I have been going to Cincinnati ever since I was a boy, but I never knew which one of the hills Vine street was on. She said in an entirely proper way, perfectly proper (Colonel Breckinridge seemed anxious to make assurance doubly sure on this point) that we might ride. I asked if they would let her go. She said she was a summer boarder and knew no rule against it.

"Then a young man came into the room, whom I recognized as Mr. Brown, for although I did not know he was connected with the school he had represented Jessamine county in the legislature. We shook hands and he said it would be perfectly proper for us to go. Then I took dinner at the Burnet House. After dinner I walked up to a stable and selected a carriage without any particular thought about what kind it was. It was a warm August evening. There was quite a little group on the portico. Nothing was said about a closed carriage or about my having a sore throat, no allusion whatever, no excuse nor any reason for any excuse."

"Did you make protestations of love to this woman?"

"I did not."

"Did you go to any concert that night?"

"We did not."

"What was there in the conversation, bearing, dress, or appearance of the plaintiff to indicate that she was not a girl of mature years?" asked Major Butterworth, continuing the examination.

"She seemed to be a young woman of 20 or 22. She might have been 19. She was a fully grown young woman. Of perfectly proper manner" (glancing for the first time at the plaintiff). "Very deferential, very."

Washington, March 30.—There was an audience awaiting the second appearance of Col. Breckinridge to-day, whose interest in him and what he would have to say was more intense than that of any audience he had ever faced before.

"I wish you would give an account, Colonel," said Mr. Butterworth, "of your trip to Lexington on the afternoon of August 2, of which you spoke yesterday when the plaintiff was in the train."

A. "I found the plaintiff in the car when I got into it. I found the car was crowded and I found the plaintiff sitting near the door when I entered. I spoke to her, and the conversation resulted in an arrangement by which we were to meet that evening in Lexington."

In answer to a further question, he stated: "An arrangement was made that we should meet at the house of Sarah Guess. The arrangement was carried out by going in the street car."

"State what took place between you and the plaintiff then."

"The statement in the New York World was substantially correct. We knocked at the door several times. When no one responded, a little talk took place between the plaintiff and myself as to what was to be done. One suggestion was that she should go to the door of a friend, where she expected to spend the night. Another suggestion was that she should wait a little while, it being Saturday

MISS POLLARD IN 1884.
(From the Celebrated Tintype.)

night, and it being the custom to do a little marketing that night. The conclusion was that she should wait and I should go to my home, and if Sarah Guess returned in a reasonable time I would find her there. I had supper with my family that night. There was a torchlight procession and some speeches, but I did not make a speech myself. I walked back to Sarah Guess's, and found the plaintiff there. There was to be an election the next Monday, and there was some feeling on both sides."

"Was there any resistance or protestation on her part against what was done there?"

"None whatever. We merely carried out the arrangement made on the train. She preferred to remain in the house and avoid any risk of questions which it might be inconvenient to answer. I returned next night, Sunday, with some uncertainty whether I would find her there, as she had said if she could slip away without risk to the house of her grandfather she would do so. I found her there, however, as she said she had not dared to take the risk of going away in daylight. I remained until about 10 o'clock that night."

The witness said that from that time until he met her with other school girls of the Sayre Institute in Lexington the next October he had not seen or heard of Miss Pollard.

"The two old ladies with whom she boarded there," he added, "were perfectly proper, most estimable and respected persons. If the plaintiff received any one in her room there at nights, as she has said, I know nothing of it. It was not I."

While Miss Pollard was absent from Lexington during the spring of 1885, when she said her first child was born, witness declared that he had no knowledge of her whereabouts and no communication with her. If she had written him under the nom de plume of Margaret Dillon, he had not received the letters, nor any box No. 47.

"Did you pay the plaintiff anything when you parted from her at Sarah Guess?"

"I can not use the word pay," replied the colonel considerately. "I paid the expenses at Sarah Guess's, and presented her a sum, not very large, but enough to pay her traveling expenses."

Washington, March 31.—Chapter two of the story of Col. Breckinridge was told yesterday. It consumed the whole session of the court, and still the narrative remains uncomplete. From the second meeting at the Lexington house of assignation, kept by Sarah Guess, in 1884, down to the late spring of 1893, the vital wound its way along a path stormy with pistols, illegitimate children, clandestine interviews and secret marriage; more of perfidue than one would suppose could be contained in the life of such a mild-looking elderly man as the one who leaned over the witness box and told it all in a matter of fact way, occasionally dropping into a jest.

The Colonel Caught.

Washington, April 3.—To-day an important witness was put on the stand—Mrs. Louise Lowell, a stenographer and typewriter in the capitol. She testified to having written letters for Breckenridge to Miss Pollard from 1886 to 1890, addressed old, shopworn white envelopes to the latter for him, etc. This is important, as it proves the correspondence was kept up over a period which Breckinridge positively denied on the witness stand.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The Silk Manufacturers' association met in the Board of Trade rooms in Paterson, N. J., and decided to make no further concessions to the striking weavers.

The hotel at Point Lookout, about one mile east of Long Beach, L. I., is being undermined by the ocean. The beach in front of the hotel has already been washed away and the building is expected to fall at any time. The piazza was washed away Saturday, and a storm from the east will tumble the structure into the sea. It cost $40,000.

FOREIGN.

HAWAII WANTS ANNEXATION.

Queen Lili Herself Will Advise Grover to Accept the Islands So That She Can Get a Rake-Off.

Honolulu, March 13, via San Francisco, March 31.—Within the past week there has been a material change in the political condition of the islands. Briefly it may be summed up by saying that the natives are now coming out for annexation. Had the natives been left to their own devices there never would have been any serious opposition to the annexation of Hawaii to the United States.

The advocates of royalty have come to the conclusion that all hopes of restoration are passed, and that it is politic for them to acquiesce with good grace. It is said Lilioukalani has been advised of the fact that her restoration is impossible, and that she will advocate annexation of the islands to the United States in order to receive some form of bounty. It will be remembered that under the treaty presented by the commissioners to President Harrison, Lilioukalani was to receive $20,000 a year in lieu of her resignation of all right to the throne. It is in order to secure this indemnity that the ex-queen is said to favor annexation.

A petition will soon be prepared and sent to President Cleveland, advocating the annexation of the Hawaiian islands to the United States, providing a sum to be mutally agreed upon shall be settled upon Lilioukaleni during her lifetime. This petition will be signed by leading natives, members of the cabinet and members of the native societies. It has even been stated that Lilioukalani will send a trusted agent to Washington to lay the matter before the President. Should this be the case there could be then be no serious opposition to President Cleveland entertaining a treaty of annexation, and when right of the provisional government to make such a treaty has been recognized by no higher authority than Senator Morgan, it is more than likely the President would be glad to avail himself of the proposition.

Unless some arrangement such as this is made the ex-queen will soon be in straightened circumstances. It is well known that Lilioukalani a short time ago found it necessary to place a heavy mortgage on nearly all of her property. The provisional government remains firm in the belief that it is acting for the best interests of the people and without the least fear of being overturned.

It is the intention of the government to proceed at once toward the formation of a republic and stable form of government, as evidenced by the bill lately introduced into the council calling for a constitutional convention. If it became necessary to wait for annexation the government more favorable to that end shall control the destinies of the United States the present government can take care of itself until that period does arrive.

The bill creating a constitutional convention will receive its second and final reading at next Thursday's meeting of the councils. There will be no delay of any nature toward carrying out the requirements of the measure, and as soon as possible action toward nominating and voting for delegates and calling the convention to order will be taken. It is the purpose of the government to emerge from the provisional state and take on a permanent form without delay. Members of the provisional government inclined to the belief that annexation is likely to occur under the Cleveland administration provided the proper conditions can be brought about, and it is hoped with some degree of success that the petition of the natives for annexation will all the government.

KOSSUTH'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER

Were Reinterred by the Side of the Great Patriot at Buda Pesth.

Buda Pesth, March 31.—The remains of Kossuth's wife and daughter were re-interred to-day after simple but impressive services in the presence of the relatives and numerous deputies and deputations. Many splendid wreaths of flowers were laid upon the coffins.

A continuous stream of people is passing to and from the national museum to-day, where the remains of Kossuth are lying in state.

Funeral Services at Turin.

Turin, March 28.—The funeral services over the remains of Louis Kossuth were held in the Evangelical church to-day. The city was crowded with sightseers, and the street presented a most remarkable appearance owing to the immense numbers of Hungarians, in full national costume, who mingled with the throngs. The streets through which the funeral procession passed were lined by the municipal guards, and on all sides were to be seen mourning emblems and crape-draped flags. The coffin inside the church rested upon a handsome catafalque and was covered with flowers.

Pastor Peyrot delivered the funeral address in Italian, eulogizing Kossuth's private virtues and patriotic devotion to Hungary.

The choir then sang a choral hymn written by Luther and an anthem composed by Palestrina.

After the simple egremonies the coffin was placed upon a funeral car, drawn by four horses, and the procession moved slowly toward the railroad station.

Behind the coffin were the sons and other relatives of the great Hungarian, and next came deputations from Hungarian societies, from countless Italian societies, and from the Garibaldian associations. These were followed by the representatives of innumerable Masonic lodges, and behind them was the Masonic body of the Hungarians and other people who took part in the procession. In all there were twenty banners, draped with crape, carried by the delegations which took part in the funeral parade.

After the coffin had been deposited in the mortuary pavilion at the entrance of the railroad station, the mayor of Turin delivered a most sympathetic oration, and then formally gave the remains into the care of Gen. Turr Markus, representing the municipality of Buda Pesth. The ceremonies were terminated with a few speeches delivered by men of minor rank.

ABOUT PERUVIAN POLITICS.

The Job of President Seems to Go a Begging.

Lima, Peru, April 3.—The cabinet has placed its resignation in the hands of Senor Del Solar, the first vice president who, according to the constitution would succeed ex-officio to the presidency. But, upon Senor Del Solar declining the office, the second vice president, Senor Bergono assumed the presidency pro tem and appointed the following ministers: Senor Garcia Urrulia, premier and minister of foreign affairs. General Antayo, minister of war. Senor Dulano, minister of justice. Senor Ferretris, minister of the interior. Senor De La Puenta, minister of commerce.

The power of government is virtually in the hands of ex-President Caceres, one of the present candidates for the presidency.

All the banks are closed and business is still suspended, but the city is quiet.

PROF. BROWN-SEQUARD DEAD.

Why Did He Not Take His Own Medicine?

Paris, April 2.—Prof. Brown-Sequard, the eminent physician and physiologist, the supposed inventor of the elixer of life, died here to-day.

WITH ALL ON BOARD.

The British Steamer Yesso Went Down in a Collision.

London, March 28.—The British steamer Yesso, Capt. Strachen, bound from Newport for Baltimore in ballast, collided this morning with the schooner Lizzie Wilce, off Ilfracombe. The Yesso sank within a short time after the vessels came together. Capt. Strachen and the steamer's company were drowned.

The Lizzie Wilce is badly damaged.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and totaling over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile," but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has a permanent subscription list far in excess of 100,000 copies. We estimate that there 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." To it we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar including payment of postage. The cost of setting it in type, making the stereotype plates, printing and binding it, ready for the press, is quite a large sum; and we estimate that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, fully $50,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task, and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription who pays us ONE DOLLAR, will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

Those of our present premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For instance:

A few weeks previous to expiration each subscriber will receive a postal card, which card, if returned, with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

Owing to the large number of names whose terms will expire each month, we shall be unable to take care of any other orders except a renewal of the subscription as explained. Of course, new subscribers may come in at any time, but we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders until their proper month.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the due-bill sent, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can be taken care of later.

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent any time after receiving the due-bill, but take care and do not wait until your subscription has expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by. One month later we will have all we can do to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving to our subscribers for the past 15 months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and we are printing and binding 500 to 1,000 copies daily.

Subscribers whose time expires in any given month will send in their orders for renewals at least two weeks before their time is out and have their time extended at once on the Weekly Blade for one year. The books will be mailed back as soon as they are ready, and we shall take care to see that they are mailed in the same order as they are received.

Tell All Your Friends.

Will our subscribers please tell their friends of this offer? We feel quite certain that this announcement will obtain a large number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade from all parts of the country. Thousands of non-subscribers will willingly send $1 for The Blade a year, because they want the book. After reading The Blade a year they will become permanent sub

WASHINGTON.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, March 27.—No progress was made in the Joy-O'Neill contested election case in the House, owing to the absence of a quorum of Democratic members. Roll calls followed one another in rapid succession, but while there were known to be 230 members on the floor, the nearest the majority ever came to a quorum was 172—seven less than a quorum. Late in the afternoon the Democratic leaders held a consultation, and the result was that the committee on rules was directed to come to the assistance of the House and bring in a special rule, covering not only the Joy-O'Neill case, but probably also the Hilborn-English case from the Third California district. At 4:07 an attempt to get a quorum failed and the House adjourned. The Senate adjourned without doing any business, after the funeral of the late Senator Colquitt.

Washington, March 28.—Try hard as they might the Democratic majority of nearly 200 could not hold together a quorum long enough to unseat Mr. Joy, the honestly-elected Republican Representative from Missouri, and put in Mr. O'Neil. After several roll calls they mustered a bare quorum, and adopted a special order limiting debate to two hours. The most noticeable event of the debate was the strong position taken by Mr. Griffin, the new Democratic Representative from Detroit, in favor of the Republican. He said that he would never vote to unseat any man because the election inspectors had failed to place their initials on the ballot. The House adopted a resolution declaring that Mr. O'Neil was entitled to the seat, but on a motion of Mr. Burrows to reconsider, the quorum disappeared, and the House adjourned.

Washington, March 29.—The Democrats were without a quorum to carry out their programme of unseating Congressmen Joy of Missouri and Heilborn of California, and Speaker Crisp was on the floor and took part in the discussion. A lively debate was stirred up between himself and ex-Speaker Reed. In the Senate the McGarrahan bill was passed.

Washington, March 30.—Messrs. Crisp and Reed continued their sparring, and it finally turned into an angry wrangle between the Republicans and Democrats. No quorum was obtained in the contested election cases. Nothing but routine business occupied the time of the Senate.

Washington, March 31.—The entire day was wasted by the House in a fruitless effort to get a quorum in the contested election cases. No other business was transacted. The Senate was not in session.

Washington, April 2.—No business was transacted in the House except filibustering in the House over the contested election cases. In the Senate the debate on the Tariff Bill was opened by Mr. Voorhees. No other speeches were made.

DOWN WITH TARIFF SMASHERS.

Lively Letter of Senator Hoar to Gov. Jones, of Alabama.

Washington, March 28.—Senator Hoar has made reply by wire to a telegram from Governor Jones, of Alabama, asking if a letter he had written endorsing a home market club circular in the interest of the Kolb movement was authentic. Senator Hoar's reply says that the letter is genuine and that he stands by it. The letter says: "I have no concern with your local affairs. But when Alabama elects senators or representatives whose votes may bring ruin to the industries and misery to the homes of New England we have the right as American citizens to address arguments to Alabama to show her that her interests are the same as ours and to urge her that her true voice shall be uttered and not stifled.

"We claim the same right to do what we honestly may to submit our cause to our brethren of Alabama as to the people of Massachusetts. No person in Massachusetts, as far as I know and believe, proposes to raise money for any other purpose than to submit arguments to your people on national questions. Whether your seat was gained by any other means than an honest and fair vote of your people, you know and Alabama must settle for herself. I say nothing in my letter on that subject.

"GEORGE F. HOAR."

Washington, March 26, 1894.

STATE OF PUBLIC TREASURY.

Monthly Debt Statement and What It Shows.

Washington, April 3.—The regular monthly debt statement shows the cash balance in the Treasury on March 31, 1894, to have been $133,950,025, of which $100,000,000 was gold reserve. The decrease in the cash for the month of March was $4,712,339. The interest bearing debt is given as $634,940,930, an increase of $9,068,930. The certificates and Treasury notes offset by an equal amount of cash in the Treasury aggregated $614,627,040, an increase of $4,717,133. The total debt of the United States on March 31, 1894, is shown to have been $1,251,025,138, a net increase for the month of $13,786,063. Of the cash in the Treasury $116,223,428 was in gold coin and $60,232,615 in gold bars, making the total gold $176,456,044. Of the silver in the Treasury $365,807,734 were in dollars, $17,073,267 in subsidiary coin and $127,220,207, making the total amount in silver $510,101,208. The paper currency amounted to $87,684,480, and deposits in national bank depositaries, disbursing offices balances $16,538,983, making the total cash in the Treasury $790,780,717.

HARD ON PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

Said to be Suffering Severely from Rheumatic Gout.

Washington, March 28.—The Star prints the following:

"Out of consideration for the President's well-known antipathy to publications about his health, the Star has so far refrained from using information on that subject that has been in its possession for several days. The matter has now become so well known, however, that there is no longer any necessity for keeping it secret. The fact is that ever since his return from his expedition against the watery fowl abiding in the Dismal Swamp and the sounds of North Carolina, the President has been badly crippled with a painful attack of rheumatic gout.

"His right foot and ankle are swollen to twice their normal size, and he moves about with difficulty. He has stuck bravely to his work, however, and has been in his office every day transacting business as usual. He uses the elevator constantly in going down stairs to his meals, but has been compelled to abandon his tri-weekly afternoon receptions to the public altogether for the present, because of his inability to walk around from the East room without aggravating his malady.

"He is undergoing a severe dietary regimen, and his physician predicts that he will be all right again in a short time."

THE REVENUE TO BE DERIVED.

What the Finance Committee Expects From the Tariff Bill.

Washington, April 3.—The Senate committee on finance to-day made public the treasury estimates of the revenue which will be derived from the Senate tariff bill as reported to the Senate which shows that the customs returns under the bill will amount to $163,361,018.

The internal revenue part of the bill will yield an increase over the present law of $53,000,000 of which the income tax will furnish $30,000,000 the increase of the spirit tax $20,000,000, and that on playing cards $3,000,000.

FOR $10,221,00.

The Amount of Quarterly Pensions to be Paid Out This Year.

Washington, March 28.—The Secretary of the Interior yesterday issued a requisition on the Secretary of the Treasury for $10,221,000 to be used in the quarterly payment of pensions on April 2. The amount will be distributed among cities as follows: Chicago, $2,650,000; Des Moines, Iowa, $1,000,000; Milwaukee, $1,700,000; Buffalo, $1,500,600; Pittsburg, $1,450,000; Concord, N. H., $600,000; Boston, $225,000, and Detroit, $200,000.

STORIES OF THE KEARSARGE.

She is Stripped by Wreckers and Valueless Now.

Washington, March 28.—An official telegram received by Secretary Herbert from Lieut. Force, the representative of the Navy department on the Orion, which vessel went to Roncador Reef, to endeavor to float the Kearsarge, confirms the report already received that the vessel had been partly burned and gone to pieces. Nothing more is expected until the return of the Orion.

It Doesn't Remove the Stain.

Washington, March 30.—Acting Secretary of War Doe has formally decided that a deserter's release is in no sense a discharge from the army nor does it in any way remove the charge of desertion.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

EXCITING TIME IN THE HOUSE.

Speaker Crisp Lost His Temper and Broke the Record on Arbitrary Rulings—Republicans Not in It.

Washington, March 30.—The House witnessed yesterday the most exciting scenes that have taken place since the silver debate last summer. Speaker Crisp taunted to fury by the telling sarcasm of Tom Reed completely lost his temper, and after a most abusive attack on that gentleman took the chair and made the most arbitrary rulings ever offered in the House, refusing absolutely to recognize any of the Republicans and finally declining to name a Republican teller on a division on a motion instructing the sergeant to arrest absentees. On the motion to reconsider the vote declaring John J. O'Neil duly elected from Missouri the House lacked 14 votes of a quorum. The usual call of the House was ordered and motion made to instruct the sergeant-at-arms to arrest absent members.

Mr. Reed took the floor and in a brief speech scored the Democratic side, dwelling particularly upon the absurdity of a proceeding which aimed at procuring a quorum by duress and after one was secured left the House powerless to record its presence.

Something in what Mr. Reed said evidently stung Speaker Crisp, who was on the floor at the time, and when the ex-speaker sat down Speaker Crisp arose.

The speaker said it was not his purpose to enter into a discussion of the merits of the question. He only wanted to call attention to the persistence with which the leader of the minority (Mr. Reed) had called attention to the absolute iniquity of the practice of members in refusing to vote when their names were called. "We have been denounced time and again," said he, "for refusing to vote."

"I count among you," interjected Mr. Reed amid laughter. Mr. Reed, Speaker Crisp went on, has placed his party in a position when he made his quorum counting ruling where it either had to sustain that ruling or renounce him. It was an open secret, he said, that Mr. Reed had been unable to get the Republican caucus to authorize such a ruling.

"I never tried," said Mr. Reed.

But, continued Mr. Crisp, when Mr. Reed had once made the ruling his party was forced to sustain him. The speaker proceeded to picture the absolute power of the ex-speaker over this body of the House. He described how an agreement entered into by the minority and majority of the elections committee had been broken at Mr. Reed's dictation. He was the chief supervisor of his side.

"It looks as if you needed a chief supervisor on your own side," shouted Mr. Boutelle.

"What we possess and what you need," replied the speaker deliberately, "is independence of thought. (Applause.) There never was and never will be a chief supervisor on this side." (Democratic cheers.)

"Mr. Reed's whole purpose," continued Mr. Crisp, "was to force the Democratic side to count a quorum. All other questions paled into insignificance before this overshadowing one of self-vindication with Mr. Reed.

"Every member should feel his responsibility. He should vote whether he approved a proposition or not. If he opposed it, he should exercise the time honored Democratic privilege of voting against it. He should not join hands with the enemy across the aisle." (Applause.)

Mr. Reed expressed a desire to reply to the speaker, but his time had expired, and he was not permitted to do so. He then asked for a division of the resolution, but Mr. Stone (Kentucky) in the chair, ruled that the proposition was not divisible.

Party feeling had been aroused by the remarks of Mr. Reed and Speaker Crisp, and the Republicans began filibustering with redoubled vigor. An appeal was taken from the decision of the chair by Mr. Payne. Mr. Springer moved to lay that motion on the table. Mr. Payne pending that, moved to adjourn. This latter motion was lost—72—175. The appeal was laid on the table, 177—68. Mr. Lacey (Iowa) moved to reconsider, and Mr. Payne moved to adjourn.

Mr. Patterson called for the ayes and noes and Mr. Payne demanded tellers on the motion. The speaker appointed Mr. Patterson and Mr. Payne. The latter was still clamoring to be recognized on his point of order. Democrats had crowded down into the area in front of the chair, the speaker ordered Mr. Payne to take his place as teller. Mr. Payne declined to serve.

"The chair then appoints the gentleman from Maine," said the speaker.

Mr. Reed was livid with rage. "I decline to serve," said he.

"The gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Patterson) will act alone."

The Democrats raised a cheer as the speaker said this and moved rapidly past him, single file to be counted. The excitement was intense.

"A band of ruffians has possession of this house," shouted Mr. Boutelle.

"We are giving you some of your own medicine," retorted Mr. Outhwaite.

When a sufficient number had been counted by Mr. Patterson to order the ayes and nays the announcemeint was made. In a chorus the Republicans were protesting against this irregularity and Mr. Reed in a loud voice declared that the chair knew the rules required tellers.

"The House understands the circumstances," replied Speaker Crisp firmly. "The chair appointed the gentleman from New York, Mr. Payne, he declined to serve. The chair then appointed the recognized leader on that side. He also declined. The chair did not intend to be subjected to the humiliation of having every member on that side refuse."

"But the rules require two tellers," returned Mr. Reed.

"The chair takes all the consequences," replied the speaker emphatically amid a whirlwind of Democratic cheers. Things were now going with a high hand. The scene reminded the old members of the Fifty-first Congress.

Mr. Payne was still talking loudly in the aisle as the clerk began calling the roll. He was ordered to take his seat and replied that he would do so when he got ready.

The speaker met this retort by declaring that he was ready to entertain a motion to bring the gentleman to the bar of the House for contempt. He said that the speaker must have some power to enforce order. Mr. Outhwaite and Mr. Boutelle in the general confusion that followed were engaged in a wordy duel and Mr. Outhwaite threatened to move that Mr. Boutelle be called to the bar for contempt. The speaker decided that such proceedings could not interrupt a roll call but upon its completion they were not renewed. The resolution was adopted, 164 to 3.

Mr. Hayner (Rep. Neb.) moved to reconsider and pending that to adjourn. At 8:50 the House adjourned.

Washington, March 31.—When Speaker Crisp ascended the rostrum yesterday he was given a rousing reception from members on both sides of the House, the demonstration lasting fully a minute. The battle of Thursday evening was promptly renewed by Mr. Reed on a challenge of the correctness of the journal in failing to show Mr. Payne's point of order on the question of but one teller acting.

On a rising vote the journal was approved, and on a call of yeas and nays the previous question was ordered, and debate limited to fifteen minutes on either side. After a speech by Mr. Reed regarding the speaker's ruling yesterday, Mr. Reed's motion to amend the journal was voted down. The vote on approving the journal showed a quorum voting.

Mr. Reed's motion to adjourn was decided out of order, and the speaker declined to entertain an appeal and again refused to state the ground of refusal, holding that no member has a right to inquire the grounds of a decision any more than a lawyer has to demand the same thing of a judge on the bench.

"That looks very much like tyranny," remarked Mr. Reed sarcastically.

The next episode was the overruling of Mr. Boutelle's point of order, that the President's message vetoing the seignorage bill could not be read, the House having made the contested election cases the special order. Again the speaker refused to entertain an appeal. The veto message was then read. Mr. Bland gave notice that next Tuesday he would move to pass the bill over the veto.

During the roll call on Mr. Burrows's motion to reconsider the vote by which the House had declared Mr. Joy not entitled to his seat, Mr. Reed, standing near the clerk's desk, said he would like to be permitted to see the roll call taken. This was resented by the speaker, who sharply ordered Mr. Reed to take his seat, and directed the sergeant-at-arms to enforce order, as Mr. Reed did not move fast enough to suit.

"This is entirely unnecessary," said Mr. Reed, looking the speaker in the eye.

"It is not," replied the speakcr.

"Instead of taking your seat, you respond every time."

"Certainly I do, because the chair has attacked me," said Mr. Reed, now thoroughly aroused.

There seemed to be an element of personal hostility in the clash of the two House leaders. Later on the speaker protested that he had not understood Mr. Reed to prefer a request for permission to stand by the clerk's desk, and with this semi-apoligetic explanation the incident closed. The roll call now disclosing the lack of a quorum, the House took a recess until 8 o'clock.

HE CAN'T MAKE RAIN.

Secretary Morton Admits the Inability of His Department.

Washington, March 30.—Secretary Morton has received a large number of inquiries from all parts of the country as to the results of the department's rainfall experiments, and the feasibility of controlling precipitation by means of explosions. The following circular is being sent by the department to all inquiries:

"Replying to your letter as to rain-making experiments, I have to inform you that in no case did they pass the merely experimental stage, and that the prospect of ultimate success is not such as to justify farmers or other citizens in rain making experimentation. In this determination, judgment and opinion I am supported by the scientists and other alleged experts in meteorology connected with the United States weather bureau. The bombardment of the skies for water, as carried on by this department, did not produce results calculated to inspire the hope that any method of concussion can be made commercially successful in precipitating the moisture from the clouds."

HAS PASSED THE SENATE.

Bering Sea Bill Gets Through—What Morgan Says.

Washington, April 3.—The Bering sea bill has passed the Senate. Senator Morgan said that at this hour, perhaps, a similar measure was being passed in the British Parliament.

REINDEER IN ALASKA.

Special Report Made to the President on the Subject.

Washington, March 31.—General Agent Sheldon Jackson has made a special report to the President concerning the introduction of Siberian reindeer into Alaska by the government. The plan is pronounced thoroughly successful, though slow progress has been made owing to lack of sufficient appropriations. During last summer 127 reindeer were purchased in Siberia, 124 of which were safely landed at the station. This made a total of 340 in September.

Herds of 100 reindeer each have been given to four mission stations, and distribution to various other stations will follow as the herd increases. The statements that the superstition of the Siberian natives would prevent the purchase of live reindeer, that deer could not survive transportation, that it is impossible for them to thrive in Alaska, and that the Alaskan dogs would scatter and destroy them, has been disproved by experience.

MONUMENTS FOR VETERANS

Who Lost Their Lives on the Field of Chickamauga.

Washington, March 30.—Capt. J. C. McElroy, of the Ohio Chickamauga commission, has submitted to the National Military Park commission, for the approval of the secretary of War, designs for 55 monuments to the regiments and batteries of that state spent on the field of Chickamauga. These have been approved by Assistant Secretary Doe. The designs are the result of active competition on the part of the most noted workers in granite and bronze, and, as a result, some of the best efforts produced in military monuments have been reached. The average cost of the monuments will be $1,500 exclusive of foundations. The contracts will call for erection on the field before September 19, next.

The state of Minnesota will have its five monuments—one of which is to cost $6,000—in position at the same time. Twenty-one state commissions are now co-operating with the national commission in locating the fighting positions through out the national park for the five days' battle within its limits.

REV. DR. PAXTON EXPLAINS

Why He Didn't File the Breckinridge Marriage Certificate.

New York, March 28.—The health board to-day received a letter from Dr. Paxton, in reference to the filing of the marriage certificate of Col. Breckinridge to Mrs. Wing. The letter is dated Allegheny City, Pa., and states that the filing of the certificate was withheld at the request of Col. Breckinridge, who said that he did not want the marriage made public just then.

Dr. Paxton also makes the excuse that he was ill at the time, and further that he did not know it was contrary to law not to file the certificate.

The health board is considering the advisability of procuring the passage of a bill through the legislature, making it a misdemeanor to fail to file such certificates.

Doctors Were Puzzled.

Quincy, Ill., March 31.—The medical fraternity and others in this vicinity have been much intrested in watching the result of a case of supposed suspended animation in the person of Herman Griep, aged 57, a farmer living two miles south of Quincy. He complained of feeling slightly ill Tuesday night and when his wife called him Wednesday morning he had every appearance of being dead. She sent to the city for doctors and the undertaker. The coroner and his jury went along to hold an inquest. The doctors had doubts about the man being dead, and their first efforts at reviving him were measurably rewarded. Drs. G. S. Kelly and Albert Schmidt worked for hours, and after patient waiting the coroner's jury adjourned until yesterday morning. After a late hour last night the doctors pronounced the man dead, and this morning, when the inquest was held, it was evident that decomposition had set in. The verdict was death from nervous prostration.

Denver Police Squabble.

Denver March 31.—Judge Glynn yesterday, on his motion, quashed the injunction issued by Judge Allen against Barnes and Mullen, of the new fire and police board, but the counsel for the old board obtained from the Supreme court a writ of prohibition restraining Judge Glynn from acting in the matter at all. Sheriff Burchinel has sent a letter to Governor Waite, telling him that he has a sufficient force of good men to preserve the peace and protect life and property in Denver, without the aid of the police department.

BLOODSHED IN SOUTH CAROLINA OVER THE LIQUOR WAR.

Blood Hounds Out and the South Carolina Swamps Will be Hunted for the Murderers—Militia Refuses to Act and Turmoil Reigns.

Wilson, S. C., March 31.—There was a serious riot at Darlington, S. C., yesterday growing out of an attempted enforcement of the dispensary law.

The trouble grew out of an attempt to search private houses for liquor. The citizens protested against this and the spies yielded, in the face of the excitement, and agreed to not search private premises. They also promised to leave Darlington, although the force, seventeen in number, had been reinforced to thirty-seven. They had gone to the depot, when they were set upon by some town boys. Out of this grew an alarming riot, which spread rapidly. The arms of one of the militia companies have been taken by the citizens and a neighboring militia company is reported not to be in sympathy with the governor.

The people of Charlotte, Sumter and Darlington agreed to support each other in resisting the search of private houses. Last night, in accordance with the agreement, armed parties of men from town and country have assembled in each of the above citites and have picketed all railroad stations from which spies can escape by rail. Mountain men are scouring the woods for spies, who are armed with Winchesters and will fight for their lives.

The Darlington guards are under arms, endeavoring to preserve the peace, but the trouble has outgrown their control. Sheriff Scarborough is powerless and is under threats of being killed by the citizens if he interferes. One or two wounded constables are in Darlington jail, protected by the military company.

In one instance, at Columbia, S. C., the excitement was at fever heat, and threats were made against the governor and of burning the dispensaries. Governor Tillman will uphold the law no matter at what cost, and will call on the country companies to enforce obedience should the military companies refuse to act.

Columbia, S. C., April 2.—To use his own language, Gov. Tillman last night received "the best news yet." It was a dispatch to the effect that nine fugitive constables boarded a train at Lake City, on the Northeastern railway, and within a few hours will have arrived safely in Charleston. Their names are Felder, Murphy, Livingston, Gilliard, Scott, McCantz, Bryson, Gardiner and Harling. It is uncertain whether the Gilliard mentioned is the chief constable or his son, who, it has been reported, was found in a ditch wounded by citizens, and then killed.

It will be remembered that when the fight occurred at Darlington Chief Constable Galliard and three others escaped on outgoing trains. One of the four reached Columbia. The chief constable is said to have returned to the scene of trouble, and nothing definite has been heard of him or the other two since, unless he is one of those mentioned above. Twenty-three constables were in Darlington when the outbreak occurred. One of these was killed. Another was wounded and is in jail at Darlington. Five are in Columbia, and seven are still unaccounted for. Their names are Swan, Meekin, Brown, King, Holloway, Walker and Galliard.

Gov. Tillman thinks that the escape of the nine to Charleston will greatly relieve the tension. He says that honors are about even between the two parties engaged in the killing at Darlington, and that if the other spies escape, the trouble will be over. He received dispatches from Adjutant-General Farley, now in Darlington, saying that Constable McLendon had been delivered to his friends. McLendon, contrary to previous reports, was not seriously hurt. General Farley does not know where he is now. The governor states that reports conflict as to who started the fight at the Darlington depot.

The governor stated that in his opinion the worst of the danger was over. He said that inasmuch as Darlington and Florence were in a state of insurrection, he felt it his duty to

GOVERNOR TILLMAN.

exert himself to the utmost to uphold the dignity and preserve the peace of the state. At the time of the interview the 300 militiamen had just left on a special train for Darlington. In view of the number of companies which had refused to respond to his call, he was greatly gratified at having finally placed the troops en route to the scene of the tragedy.

A few minutes previous to this interview it was reported that the censorship of telegrams had been withdrawn. He was questioned as to the accuracy of the rumor, and denied it very emphatically. He said he did not wish to have anything sent out which would inflame the passions of the people, and for that reason, and with a view of securing accurate reports, he would continue the censorship.

"Now I will play editor for you fellows," said the governor with a laugh. "Just write out your reports, bring them to me, and I will look over them. If they are not sensational or incendiary, I will let them go."

He spoke confidently of the strength of his sympathizers. "I can assemble from 1,000 to 10,000 men here to support me," he said. "Why, I have received telegrams from all over the state offering assistance, and I can get as many as I can furnish with transportation."

Soldiers at Darlington.

Darlington, S. C., April 2.—Governor Tillman's military train bringing 12 companies and 230 men, arrived at 9:30 last evening. They were met by the local military company and escorted to their quarters. Great excitement prevailed at the time the train arrived, but it has since died away. Governor Tillman has wired the citizens here that the presence of the troops is required to arrest those who participated in the riot three days ago. If the governor desires to make the arrest of these men he will have to send at least five times the number of troops now on the spot, and it is believed if the military is called on to arrest citizens that at least half, if not all, the soldiers will lay down their arms and assist the citizens should trouble occur.

IN THE HANDS OF THE MILITARY.

Newspaper Telegrams Can't be Sent From Darlington.

Florence, S. C., April 3.—The telegraph office at Darlington is in the hands of the military, who refuse to permit the transmission of messages to newspepers. A simple message to the editor of the Charleston News and Courier, saying that "the military has received a supply of blankets by express," was endorsed "Office under military control; guard refuses to let it be sent." Gen. Richbourg claims that he has no discretion in the matter, as he is acting under Governor Tillman's orders.

Found Zinc Ore.

Joplin, Mo., April 2.—It is reported that a wonderful strike of zinc ore has been made in Wright county. The ore is said to be in a true fissure vein, and the vein has been traced for five miles. Both Bohemian capitalists are arranging to develop the find.

COXEY'S BAND TRAMPING DOWN BEAVER VALLEY.

The Army Growing in Numbers and Well Disciplined Under the Iron-Clad Rules of Smith.

Coxey's organized band of tramps and loafers has slowly made its way to the Ohio boundary, then over into Pennsylvania, and is nearly to Pittsburg as this is written. There is nothing in the march up to the present worthy of detailed description. The following is the latest:

Pittsburg, Pa., April 3.—The last march of the commonweal at Allegheny, the first stage of the long journey to Washington, was begun at Sewickley, at 9 o'clock. Not one of

SIDE VIEW OF "GEN." COXEY.

the weary followers left camp last night, except 20 who sought warmer quarters in the local lockup.

A special order was issued by Carl Brown, after breakfast, in it referring to the Judge Stowe incident of last night. The judge is referred to as an objectionable character. The men are advised to behave during the next two

ENTERING SEWICKLEY.

days, as attempts will be made to lead them astray. When Jacks Run was reached a halt was ordered for lunch, after which the column again took up the weary march to Allegheny.

On the road to Allegheny the army was well received, all the schools were dismissed for the forenoon and the boys crowded out of town after the commonweal, cheering and singing. There were 189 men marching. As the road lay alongside the railway every passenger train that passed was cheered by the men and the pas-

BROWNE'S PANORAMA WAGON.

sengers waved handkerchiefs in return. The whole progress is looked on by the leaders as an ovation.

Marshal "Smith" says the men will be strictly confined to camp to-night and to-morrow. In view of the new contingents expected, another big tent has been ordered from Massillon.

FATHER MALONE'S SELECTION

As the Republican Caucus Nominee for Regent.

Albany, N. Y., March 29.—The nomination of Father Malone for regent by the Republican caucus has created great excitement, and the anti-Malone men are seeking to break the caucus and endeavoring to join with the Democrats and elect Bishop McQuaid.

Among the first telegrams received this morning by Senator Owens was the following:

"My candidacy as a citizen, presented by my very dear friends to a Republican majority, has won. Thank members of the Senate and assembly.

S. MALONE."

Many other members of the legislature have also received telegrams from Father Malone.

It turns out now that Col. George Bliss was especially conspicuous in writing prominent Republicans that Archbishop Corrigan did not wish Father Malone elected. These letters undoubtedly had some effect; so much so as to attract attention to the fact that the speaker and the leader of the assembly, who were Malone men a few days ago, were taken off their base, and changed their votes last night to Dr. Vanderveer, leaving the rank and file to carry the enemy's works with a hurrah.

It is learned that Lieutenant Governor Sheehan and Archbishop Corrigan have been in active correspondence by telegrams in regard to the candidate for the Democratic caucus. They were undecided whether to put in a prelate or a layman. The Republican liberality stumped them.

Father Malone Elected.

Albany, N. Y., March 29.—The joint session of Senate and assembly has elected Father Malone to succeed Bishop McNierney as regent of the university

LEADVILLE LEADS ALL OTHERS.

More Gold Produced There Than in Any Other Place in Colorado.

Leadville, Colo., April 2.—In an exhaustive review published yesterday on the Leadville gold belt A. A. Blow, of the Silver Cord mine, one of the best informed mining men in the state says: "Leadville is to-day producing from the gold belt 500 ounces daily of gold. This product is derived almost entirely from four mines, three of which have been opened within the last six months. The aggregate tonnage exceeds 250 tons a day, and the total of gold smelting ores alone is greater than that of any other district in Colorado."

MRS. WILSON COMES NORTH

And Reports That Her Husband is Rapidly Improving.

New York, March 27.—Mrs. Wm. L. Wilson, wife of the chairman of the ways and means committee, reached here from Texas yesterday, after a long vigil at her husband's sick bed in that state and in Mexico. She stated that her husband was now well on the way to regaining his health. He was up and about, and while still weak, he was rapidly getting back his strength. He needed no further nursing, so that his son had gone on a fishing expedition and Mrs. Wilson had come North.

AN EDITOR APPOINTED SENATOR.

The Augusta Chronicle Man Succeeds the Late Senator Colquitt.

Atlanta, Ga., April 2.—This morning Governor Northen appointed Patrick Walsh, editor of the Augusta Chronicle, to the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Senator Colquitt.

TEN THOUSAND COKE WORKERS

In the Connellsville Region Ordered to Strike.

Uniontown, Pa., March 29.—A general strike of the 10,000 coke workers and miners of the Connellsville region was ordered to-day by the executive committee of the United Mine Workers, to go into effect next Monday.

Big Fire at Quincy.

Quincy, Ill., March 30.—Fire to-day destroyed over 50 buildings, embracing almost the entire business portion of the city of Barry, in Pike county, about 20 miles from here. The loss is estimated at $200,000.

REPUBLICANS SWEEP THE CITY OF CINCINNATI.

In Spite of the Kickers, the Congressman Will Have Over 6,000 Plurality.

Cincinnati, April 3.—The count of the election from the 96 precincts was complete at 10 o'clock last night. The whole number of votes polled was 58,290, out of a registration of 71,000. Five tickets were in the field. The head of the ticket, the candidates for mayor, received votes as follows:

Hon. John A. Caldwell, R.....26,664
Theodore Horstman, Cit.....19,912
Isaac J. Miller, D.....11,714

Caldwell's plurality, 6,752.

There were 299 votes cast for the People's party candidate, and about 75 for the Prohibitionist ticket.

The Citizens' ticket drew from both parties, but chiefly from the Republicans. It owes its origin to dissatisfaction among Republicans with the man who has for years been their leader. Horstman, the Citizens' candidate, drew largely from the over-the-Rhine German wards.

Caldwell, the Republican candidate, drew most strongly from the Irish Democratic wards. Republicans who voted the Citizens' ticket had no hostility to Hon. John A. Caldwell, for whose seat in Congress there will now be a contest. No count has been made of subordinate officers, but every Republican is elected.

HAVE WON A SWEEPING VICTORY

Republicans of Cleveland Are Rejoicing To-Day.

Cleveland, April 3.—The Republicans of Cleveland have won a sweeping victory. Every candidate on the city ticket is elected by pluralities ranging from 3,000 to 4,500, and at midnight the returns indicate the election of at least seven of the ten Republican candidates for the city council.

Despite the hard fight made against the continuance of good government in the schools, Mr. H. G. Sargent is re-elected, director by a plurality of 3,000. The candidates for the school council, Messrs. Downie, Daykin, and Ford, are elected by higher pluralities. In fact, the ticket, with the exception of Director Sargent, is elected by a plurality of at least 4,500.

In the councilmanic contest victory has perched on the Republican banners. Mr. Jackson has been re-elected in the Firt district, and Mr. G. C. Barnes has probably defeated M. C. Malloy in the Eighth district, on the West Side. In the Fifth District, Mr. Thompson has been returned. He defeated John I. Nunn after a hard contest.

The proposition to build the city hall in the public square has probably carried.

GOOD FOR COLUMBUS.

She Gives a Rousing Republican Majority.

Columbus, April 3.—Full returns for this city show that the Republicans have swept everything. T. M. Biggar, Republican candidate for police judge, received 10,569 votes. Matthias Martin, Dem., 7,503. Republican majority, 3,066. The Republicans have 26 of the 38 councilmen. The present council stands: Republicans, 16; Democrats, 14. Bigger's majority is larger than McKinley's last fall.

The result is taken with very bad grace by many Democratic workers, who openly charge it to Congressman Outhwaite's appointments. A number of sarcastic telegrams were sent to him, congratulating him on the outcome of his course. This victory leaves the Franklin county Democracy badly split up, and with such bitter factional feeling existing that the Republicans are jubilant and confidently predict the election of a Republican congressman in this district in November.

NEWS FROM THE NORTHWEST.

Republican Gains Everywhere Reported.

St. Paul, April 3.—Municipal elections were held yesterday at a few points in this state and the Dakotas, but this state has no regular municipal election day, the elections being scattered all through the year. At Yankton, the capital of South Dakota, the straight Republican ticket was elected with the exception of one alderman.

At Wahpeton, N. D., for the first time in many years, the Republicans carried the city elections.

At Litchfield, Minn., the fight was on the question of licenses for the liquor traffic, and the license proposition and ticket carried by 60 majority.

No license carried at Winnebago City, Minn., by 61 majority, and the entire temperance ticket was elected.

At Henderson the fight was in favor of securing electric lights and issuing bonds for that purpose. The ticket that won was pledged to that end.

NOT FOR MANY YEARS

Have Hartford Republicans Won Such a Victory.

Hartford, Conn., April 3.—The election yesterday resulted in a Republican sweep of such proportions as Hartford has not seen for many years. The entire Republican city ticket is elected with the exception of Collector Browne, and both boards of the city government are Republican.

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

Howard Gould Will Marry Miss Odette Tyler, the Actress.

New York, March 28.—Howard Gould yesterday made formal announcement of his engagement to Miss Odette Tyler, the well known actress, whose real name is Elizabeth Kirkland. She is a daughter of General Kirkland, of Tennessee, and a niece of General Hardee, the famous military tactician. She is about 24 years old, and has been on the stage about six years.

ODETTE TYLER.

About two weeks ago she left The Girl I Left Behind Me company, and announced her intention of retiring from the stage. This will make Miss Tyler's second venture in matrimony. She was married to a stock broker named Crisman, from whom she obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion, about two years ago.

Howard Gould is the second son of the late Jay Gould, is about 24 years old, and is very popular with his friends and associates. He is quiet in his habits and is possessed of great wealth. Mr. Gould's betrothal present was a magnificent ring—a diamond set in a cluster of rubies—which rumor values at $5,000.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

For the Better Care of Animals Across the Ocean.

Washington, March 30.—Distinguished humanitarians are assembling in this city to be present at the hearing in behalf of the Cummings bill, pending in Congress, providing for an international maritime conference for the better care and protection of animals in transit. William Hosea Ballou, of New York, has arrived at the Shoreham with the endorsements of the principal chambers of commerce, mercantile exchanges and two hundred humane societies of the United States and Canada. He will make the argument before the committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce in the House to-day. The bill has been endorsed by the government.

"Disfigured For Life"

Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases.

Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls?

It means isolation, seclusion.

It is a bar to social and business success.

Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when Doctors fail, standard remedies fail, And nostrums prove worse than useless?

Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure.

CUTICURA REMEDIES Have earned the title Skin Specifics, Because for years they have met with most remarkable success.

There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed.

It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment. Dollars invested in a cake of CUTICURA SOAP and a box of CUTICURA OINTMENT, 25c. Will prove more than we dare claim.

In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, And its cures are simply marvellous.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.

Money, Crops, Trade.

INCREASING VOLUME OF BUSINESS

Prognosticated in Bradstreet's Review of Trade Conditions.

New York, March 31.—In its review of the state of trade, Bradstreet's to-day says:

The features of the business week include evidences of increasing volumes of trade at Eastern cities, which are offset by checks to the movement of staple merchandise at other centers owing to storms and cold weather, and by damage to crops caused by the unusually low temperature West, Northwest and South.

All Western cities note the unfavorable influence of recent cold weather. Except in the drug business at Detroit is said to be fair, and at Louisville jobbers in dry goods and hardware say the demand has increased, as in building materials also. There is a smaller volume of trade in most lines at Chicago, an exception being among dealers in pig iron, where the demand exceeds expectations. A similar report is made by St. Louis dealers in crude iron and by jobbers in dry goods, millinery, hats, hardware and shoes.

Kansas City fruit and produce men are said to be discouraged at reports of killing frosts. At Omaha business is less active than a week ago, although buyers in many instances are disposed to make larger purchases.

At Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, the feature in trade circles has been the temporary check to business due to unseasonable cold weather. Portland, Ore., reports business very slow; while at San Francisco, the movement of staples is sluggish, wheat there is less active for export, the feature being the speculative dealings in the May options.

DAMAGE TO OHIO FRUIT.

Returns Are Now Coming in at Columbus.

Columbus, O., April 2.—The correspondents of the State Board of Agriculture are sending in their reports in regard to the effect of the recent cold snap on the fruits and cereals. The report will be formulated and the result will be summed up definitely. Assistant Secretary James Fleming examined many of the reports in a casual manner. The cold snap set in Sunday and continued most of the week. The report shows that the southern part of the state has suffered most from the frost. The early fruit, cherries, peaches, plums, etc., have been killed, but the later fruits are not injured. Reports from counties in the northern part of the state show that the buds of the fruit trees were not sufficiently advanced to be injured. In brief, the early fruit in the southern counties is likely to be a failure, but there is hope of a crop in the northern counties. In Central Ohio there will be fruit in spots.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., April 3, 1894.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	April 3.	March 28.